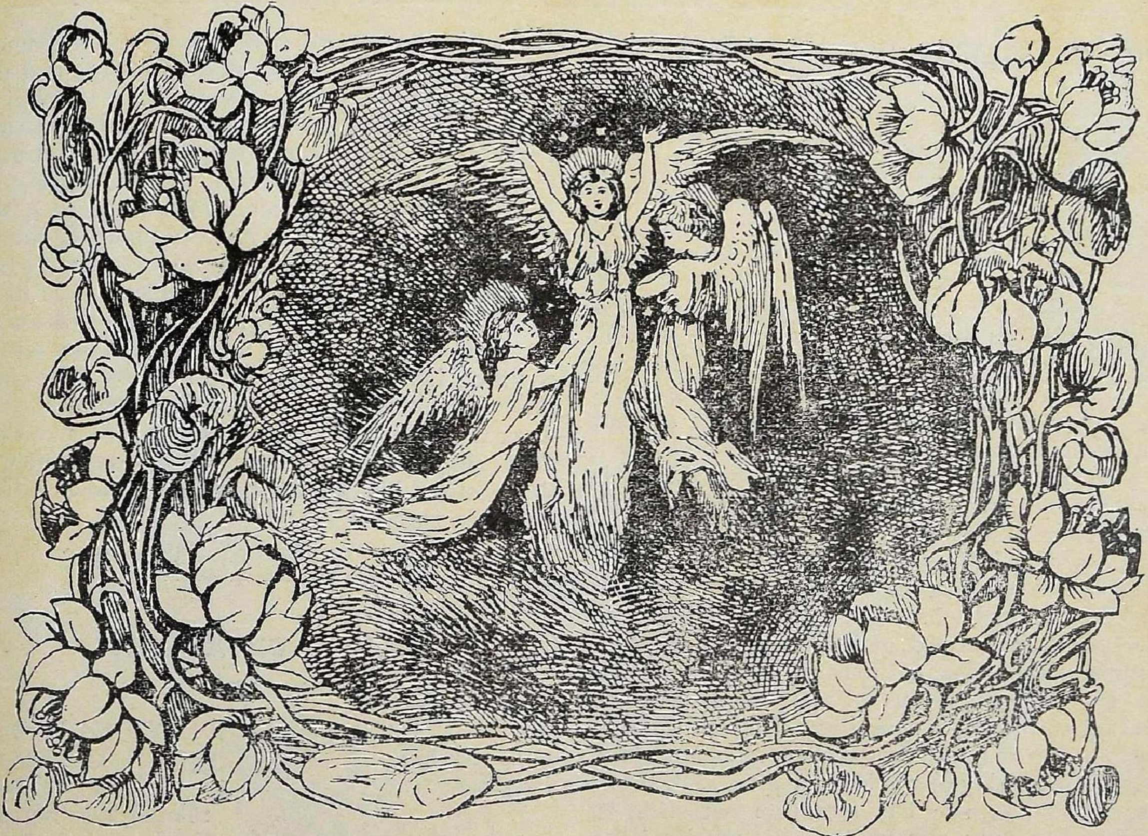
"HOPE"
BY
G. F. WATTS.



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A CROWN OF LIFE.

I stand between the sea and sky,
I look below, I gaze on high.
The waves afar beneath me roll,
And terror strikes my inmost soul,
Their cloudless depths the Heav'ns display,
I view with awe the glorious way,
And cry aloud in sore despair,
Till Heav'n gives answer to my prayer
Be thou faithful unto death
And I will give thee a crown of life.

Oh could I climb that peaceful height,
And dwell in yon celestial light,
What joy untold my heart would know;
What songs from these glad lips would flow;
But ah, my soul is bound by fear
How far is Heav'n, the sea how near,
My strength, how frail; my Faith, how poor!
I tremble lest I hear no more
Be thou faithful unto death
And I will give thee a crown of life.

Oh halting heart, why linger here,
Oppress'd by grief, restrain'd by fear,
Arise, put on the wings of faith,
Triumphant go, and conquer death.
From earth I rise in full-wing'd flight,
I soar through realms of boundless light,
While worlds on worlds around me throng,
And swell the universal song
Be thou faithful unto death,
And I will give thee a crown of life.

G. F. Watt's picture, 'Hope.'

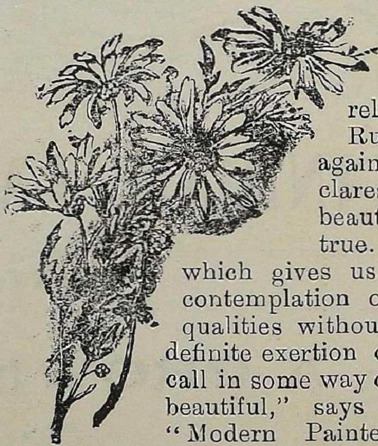
THE frontispiece is one of Watt's masterpieces. It represents a young girl with bandaged eyes, sitting on a globe. All around her is the dim twilight and in her left hand she holds a lyre, all the strings of which are broken and floating in the breeze, except one. Unconscious of all else, she is striving to get all the music she can out of that one remaining string.

This is a great conception of Hope. She is placed in such adverse circumstances. All around her is the mysterious half-light, embodying as it were, the mysterious veil of the future, shrouding darkness and doubt, sorrow and despair. The globe on which she is reclining so gracefully is the world, and it is whirling through infinite space. Chained to her lyre and blindfolded, she is unconscious of the limitless space through which she is speeding. Her one thought seems to be the music that she can wake out of the slumbering string of the broken lyre, and, heedless of all else, she has forgotten herself in it. If we could only always hear the music of life amid all the harsh discords and jarring chords of humanity.

Many, on seeing this picture, have said it looks more like despair than Hope. But if one looks closely and scans the sweetness of the features and the calm repose of the expression, the attitude of keen attention and absorption, the strength and reserve energy that is delineated in the figure, we can see it represents the brightness, the strength of character, the firmness of purpose and the will of Hope.

"I paint ideas, not things; I paint primarily because I have something to say, and since the gift of eloquent language has been denied me, I use painting; my intention is not so much to paint pictures which shall please the eye, as to suggest great thoughts which shall speak to the imagination and to the heart and arouse all that is best and noblest in humanity." So says Watts of himself and strikes the key-note of his pictures. In the national gallery of British art, a long hall is reserved entirely for Watt's masterpieces. As my friend and I walked through this hall we felt we were in a different atmosphere. Great thoughts seemed to speak from the canvas. They spoke of the life-long ideals of the strong character of a man, who felt that he was painting not for the sake of winning popular favour, but because he felt he had to do it. The wonderful charm of colour, the classic beauty and dignity of the figures, and the richness of detail speak to the eye, but the symbolism of the subject speaks to the understanding and the heart. His biography shows that he was a strenuous worker and was for ever striving to improve himself. He seems to have placed this high ideal of beauty before him. As he wrote to a friend: "If one would render great subjects, one thing is essential and one only, to make the fullest possible use of one's own powers, without stopping to consider whether the subject is in itself great or small. That which is really great is so far above our reach that any comparison which could be instituted, would be nothing more than the recognition of our own unworthiness. To work with all the energy of heart, but also with all its simplicity, that is our duty"—and this was the motto of his life and he conscientiously lived up to the same.

Ruskin on Beauty.



IDEAS of truth and beauty are closely related together, for Ruskin again and again emphatically declares that nothing is beautiful which is not true. "Any object which gives us pleasure in the contemplation of its outward qualities without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way or in some degree beautiful," says Ruskin in his "Modern Painters," vol. I. The man who derives the greatest possible pleasure from any object is a man of taste. But real good taste is only perfect when we derive pleasure from that which is attractive to our moral nature. Taste, like other perceptions, has to be cultivated and developed; and its cultivation depends upon the amount of patience, acuteness of attention and universality of ideas that we possess. Complaints are often heard from young artists that they do not find subjects suited to their taste, but the cause of this is their own inability to perceive the beautiful, because all God's works are stamped with beauty, though in different degrees.

There are many false opinions current about the cause of beauty. One opinion is that the beautiful is the useful, which means to say, we have only to limit ourselves to that which is necessary for our well-being. Nothing else is beautiful which does not come within this range.

But this is perfectly and palpably absurd. How many things are beautiful which are not useful; for instance, the mirage of the desert is very fair, yet it is not useful. Others again say that perception of beauty depends upon custom. Familiarity with an object does not increase our perception of its beauty. It is true that familiarity tones down the deformities and defects of an object, but that does not necessarily mean that we see the beauty sooner.

Again, it is often said beauty depends on the association of ideas—the well-known theory of Alison. Because some pleasant recollections are connected with a peculiar object, it may not necessarily appear more beautiful, though "it adds force to the conscience." Also, each individual has his own particular associations connected with an object, and therefore 'the harmony of God's good work is interrupted by this mingling of universal and peculiar principles.' Hence these false ideas concerning beauty do not hold good in all cases. The perception of beauty *depends upon the love that we have in our hearts for God's works, and the very keenness of our vision depends on the expansiveness of this love.*

Ruskin divides beauty into two different heads:—one he calls Typical Beauty, when the external qualities of an object are in some way typical of the Divine attributes: and the other he designates Vital Beauty, which is "the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, more especially of the joyful and right exertion of perfect life in man."

We generally notice that, corresponding to that which seems to be good to our moral nature, we find something in external objects which puts us in mind of that good. Of such analogous qualities Ruskin takes a few, which he deems the most *important*. First, he takes infinity as the type of Divine Incomprehensibility. Infinity is a most necessary condition in art. When we see in a picture the background stretching away to a distance, or a vague half-luminous shadow cast across some portion or a dim mysterious something, we feel a stronger attraction for such a work of art than a cut and dry figure represented in glaring colours. This is suggested not by the form or the hue or the skill spent upon it, but by that half-shadowy, dreamy vagueness, which we shall call infinity. "It is of all visible things, the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth-prison house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of His dwelling place." ("Modern Painters," Vol. II). Such thoughts as these occur to us on beholding infinity. The deep mystery and the infinity of nature, which we so often meet with, are incomprehensible to us on account of our imperfections. But the "Infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable: not concealed, but incomprehensible: it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure unsearchable sea." ("Modern Painters," Vol. II).

The next is a conception of unity, which is taken as the type of Divine Comprehensiveness. Hooker says, "all things, God only excepted, besides the nature which they have in themselves, receive externally some perfection from other things." No single object stands by itself, but everything in nature is dependent upon something else for strength, for support, and even for its very existence. Therefore, it is right that in works of art unity should be most strictly adhered to. Generally, unity conveys an idea of isolation; hence it is better to call this attribute comprehensiveness, on account of its universality. The glory of all things lies in their unity. Hence, it is typical of the Divine Comprehensiveness which proclaims a perfect union and brotherhood.

The third great quality is repose, which is a type of Divine Permanence. Ruskin explains this most beautifully in his 'Modern Painters,' Vol. II. "As opposed to passion, changefulness or laborious exertion, repose is the especial and separating characteristic of the eternal mind and power. It is the 'I am' of the Creator opposed to 'I become' of all creatures; it is the sign alike of the supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labour, the supreme volition which is incapable of change: it is the stillness of the beams of the eternal chamber laid upon the variable waters of ministering creatures." Repose in material things gives one a sense of quietness and permanence. But when we see an object in rest we invariably associate vitality with it, so that repose implies energy. It is quite a necessary condition in art, because it tones down all defects, adds charm and beauty, and gives one a sense of peace and quietness. As a perfect example of repose in a work of art, Ruskin gives a beautiful description of the monument erected to the memory of Ilaria de Carella in the Cathedral of Lucca. Also, repose is the more precious in our sight because the Deity has necessitated us to a life of labour: so the desire for rest planted in every individual soul is the longing for that permanence and rest which the Deity alone can give.

The fourth constituent of beauty is symmetry, which is taken as the type of Divine Justice. In all perfectly beautiful objects the symmetry is complete. Many artists confound symmetry with proportion. Ruskin defines them in the following way: "Symmetry is the opposition of equal quantities to each other; proportion is the connection of unequal quantities with each other." Symmetry is a requisite of art, but by itself it is ineffectual. "This orderly balance

and arrangement," says Ruskin "are essential to the perfect operation of the more earnest and solemn qualities of the beautiful, as being heavenly in their nature, and contrary to the violence and disorganization of sin." Hence symmetry is an appropriate type of the absolute justice of God.

The next type of a Divine attribute which Ruskin treats of is purity, as a type of Divine Energy. We always connect the idea of impurity with anything that is diseased or in an advanced state of decay. Hence, *vice versa*, purity always implies a healthy operation of the various elements in matter. Also with the idea of purity there is connected an idea of light, for we always imagine transparent bodies to be pure. In the Scripture generally, purity is taken as a type of sinlessness; and the question may be asked, why should we not take it here also? But how can we say that sinlessness is an attribute of the Divine Being, who knows no sin at all? Ruskin takes the former meaning attached to purity. He says: "I repeat, then, that the only idea which I think can be legitimately connected with purity of matter is this of vital and energetic connection among its particles......Thus the purity of the rock contrasted with the foulness of dust or mould is only expressed by the epithet 'living'." It is not only mere purity which is desired, but the active condition of the substance. Hence Ruskin takes purity as an appropriate type of Divine Energy.

The sixth and last attribute of beauty, which Ruskin calls "the girdle and safeguard" of beauty is moderation, the type of Divine Government by law. A certain degree of beauty may be attained when one or two of the other constituents are absent, but without moderation, nothing is beautiful. When an artist puts no restraint upon himself, then his work is the opposite of beauty, giving rise to that which "in colour we call glaring, in form inelegant, in motion ungraceful, in language coarse, in thought undisciplined, in all unchastened" ("Modern Painters," Vol. II). And this moderation is an appropriate type of Divine Government by law, because in nature we see how regularly everything works. Though God is hedged in by no restraint, yet in all His creation, His operations are never sudden, violent or arbitrary, but "He works always in consistent modes, called by us Laws."

Such are a few of the sources of material beauty and the analogies connected with them. Beauty thus seen in nature and in God's creation is not simply for our pleasure or edification, but the necessary adjunct to the perfection of God's work. Ruskin thus states the use of typical beauty:—"The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or resemblance of Divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of specific separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious, with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly delight in." ("Modern Painters.")

Turning now to the second kind of beauty, Vital Beauty, we find it is the felicitous fulfilment of functions in God's creatures. Throughout the organic creation, we find that beings in a perfect state exhibit certain moral principles in their habits and modes of living. Some call forth our sympathy and affection in a greater degree than the rest. But even the ordinary exercise of their faculties implies a perfect condition of the whole moral being of the Christian character. Hence, as we said before, our perception of beauty depends on the sensitiveness, accuracy, sympathy and faithfulness of our own hearts, or in one word, *love* is necessary to make all things appear beautiful to our eyes. Ruskin winds up with saying that the sources from which the sense of beauty is derived are Divine. "It is either the record of conscience written in things external or it is a symbolising of Divine attributes in matter, or it is the felicity of living things, or the perfect fulfilment of their duties and functions. In all cases it is something Divine—the approving Voice of God, the glorious symbol of Him, the evidence of His kind Presence, or the obedience to His Will by Him induced and supported."

Thus Ruskin has taught us not only to perceive the beauty of the outward face of nature, but has also showed us the underlying meaning. "He could not have unveiled the beauty of earth and sky unless to him beauty had also been language," says a critic. Thus he has made the ideals of beauty the subject of moral and not intellectual perception and their function is to invariably exalt and ennoble the human mind.

Germany and the Romantic Rhine.

THE first German city I visited was Heidelberg, which is picturesquely situated at the mouth of the romantic Neckar Valley, in the Rhine country, surrounded by wooded mountains and vine yards. It was six in the evening when I reached Heidelberg. I thought the town looked rather gloomy. This was possibly because the city is shut in so much on almost all sides by forest-clad mountains. The city consists of four or five long streets running

almost parallel to each other. The Neckar, a branch of the Rhine, runs almost parallel to these streets, and two long ranges of hills, covered with vine, and studded with beautiful villas and country residences, shut in the city on both the sides of the Neckar. A magnificent double avenue of trees on one side of the street in which the principal hotels are situated affords a very fine promenade and place of public resort. After dinner I heard the strains of a band quite close by and on my going out found a fairy scene just in front of the hotel. The public garden opposite was lit up beautifully with fancy electric lights, and was crowded in every corner with fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, interspersed among them being a large number of University students, whom I was able to distinguish by means of their coloured caps, indicating the different clubs to which they belonged. There was a regular concert going on in the open air, and after paying a small entrance fee I joined the crowd and enjoyed the music. It is only in Germany that we can hear real scientific music. They have cultivated this art to perfection in that country. Music is regarded as an accomplishment not only for women, but also for men. Wherever a few German students meet together they are able to get up a concert. Each is able to play on some instrument or other, and they are all trained to sing from music.

Heidelberg is the seat of a celebrated University, and I was anxious to see the University buildings which are all close together. The lecture rooms were crowded with students, but my ignorance of the German language prevented my forming any idea of the nature of the lectures. There is nothing imposing about the buildings, and one misses very much in the German University towns the academic air that pervades the cities of Oxford and Cambridge, but I have no doubt real solid work is being done in Universities such as Heidelberg, considering the famous men they have there as Professors. Some years ago a young Bengali, who was under Bunson, distinguished himself in Chemistry. The young men of the University generally club together in houses and have their meals at restaurants. This system is not commendable, as the influences brought to bear upon them out of lecture time are anything but elevating.

One of the most important sights of Heidelberg is the famous castle, 340 feet above the river. I engaged a professional guide to show me over the place and he did his part well. The castle, which dates from the 13th century, is a maize of ruined courts, halls, towers, columns, fountains, &c., and is surrounded by gardens. The beautiful ivy I found everywhere clinging to old towers and walls and subterranean passages, and enhancing the weather-beaten look of the whole place. To the historian and antiquarian the place is full of interest. The best Italian and German Renaissance styles are to be found here, ornamented with statues, busts, arms and richly-carved work. The museum contains a great collection of Palatine antiquities, objects of art and portraits. In the cellar is the great ton of Heidelberg made in 1775,—136 feet long, 24 feet diameter, with a capacity of 360,000 bottles. I had a splendid view of the city, of the river Neckar and the hills, from the great terrace of the castle, and very beautiful the surroundings of the city seemed, covered with luxuriant vegetation. The guide wanted me to see a duel fought between German students, but as his fee was exorbitant, I preferred to go without seeing the barbarous sight of two human beings playing the part of brutes.

From Heidelberg I proceeded to Mayence (*German*, Mainz) on the Rhine, which is now one of the most important imperial German fortresses. It has a garrison of 8,000 men, and walking through the streets one meets everywhere fine well-built young men, with magnificent military uniforms on. My readers of course are aware that there prevails in Germany the compulsory military system. Mayence is a city well worth visiting, with broad well-laid out streets and high elegant buildings. It has an old Cathedral—a picturesque red-stone building with fine wall paintings and curious monuments of the 13th century. My hotel was just opposite the Rhine which I found had assumed in this part of Germany magnificent proportions, and I could see from my window the fine boats of the Dusseldorf Steam Boat Company and other vessels of all descriptions coming and going. The river-side was full of life and activity.

The Rhine scenery between Mayence and Cologne is considered to be the loveliest in all Germany. Visitors from all parts of the world come here to take this unique trip, and our boat, which carried over 300 passengers, was full of English and American tourists, as well as those from Italy, Russia and other countries. Just near Mayence, the hill ranges of the Black Forest that lend such beauty and grandeur to the scene are at a distance, and the Rhine, therefore, does not appear quite to its advantage, but soon we come in sight of hill and river scenery, which is simply majestic in its grandeur defying all power of description. The hills of the Black Forest are seen rising abruptly on both the sides of the Rhine to majestic heights, assuming all kinds of fantastic shapes, covered with orchards and vineyards. Perched on the dizzy heights of these hills are castles, some in ruins, some in states of excellent preservation, and every one full of unique historical interest, and associated with legends and

stories of the middle ages. Nestling among hills are seen pretty little German villages, and, here and there, thriving industrial centres, with neatly-built houses, each with its gardens full of fruit trees and flowering plants. The *cafes* and hotels are most attractive and catch the eye of the tourists even from a distance. At Rudesheim the scenery is at its grandest, and it is from here that the great national monument at Neiderwald becomes visible. The idea of erecting a splendid monument in commemoration of the restoration of the German Empire has long been cherished by the German nation, and even poets had prophesied the erection of such a monument on the banks of the Rhine; for one poet had written: "Good God, one day high over enemies' corpses the star of peace will rise; then shall we plant a glorious monument of the victory on the banks of the Rhine." The Niederwald on the Rhine was chosen not merely because of the beauty of the surrounding country, but also on account of the great historical reminiscences connected with the place. The German Emperors passed by this place, when they returned from their coronation; here it was, at the banks of the Middle-Rhine, that in the eventful days of July and August 1870, during the war, long trains stopped to send forth thousands of vigorous sons of Germany to defend and protect their native country, and whence they marched into the country of the enemy, singing the famous favourite song of the German people; and here it was they returned a year after crowned with the laurel of victory. The inauguration of the monument took place on the 28th September 1883, in presence of the Emperor William, many members of the Imperial house, many German Princes, nearly all the Generals who had commanded in the war of 1870-71, and an immense multitude of people. In the monument, Germania is a woman 36 ft. high, on a pedestal of 80 ft., in which are symbols of towns and rivers, winged statues of Peace and War, names of battles, 200 life-size figures of the late Emperor, Princes, Generals, Statesmen, &c. The Germans are indeed very proud of this monument. Among the places of interest we touched, on our way to Cologne, was Bonn, which is the seat of a University. There was a great deal of interest to see on the river itself. Now and then pass other steamers and boats of all descriptions. One steamer decorated with flags is crowded with passengers. A large number of working men and women, after their hard week's toil, have managed to get a day's outing. So they have all combined together and engaged a steamer to take them up the river. To add to their enjoyment they have a brass band on board and they are all vociferously happy. They cheer and wave their handkerchiefs vigorously as they pass our steamer. The brass band is at its height of glory and the music, softened by the sound of waters on all sides, as the steam-boat flies along at a mad pace, is indeed sweet to one's ears. We notice a little further on a number of tourists, ladies among the number, tearing away at a mad pace on bicycles, on the well-paved roads that skirt the banks of the river and wind among picturesque hills. Of course the churches, built in every variety of style, are conspicuous everywhere, some perched on mountain tops by the side of old castles, some in valleys rising in stately grandeur above the tops of houses and hotels. A group of mischievous boys and girls are seen playing with bare feet on the water's edge, and their excitement on seeing our steamer knows no bounds; and so they shout and sing at the top of their voices. Yonder you notice a group of sturdy German workmen going to work in the fields and they take but little notice of the vessels that pass and repass constantly. The trains rush now and then at a maddening pace on either side, and the passengers never fail to greet us in the usual way. These and other rural sights, though commonplace, are enhanced in interest a thousandfold by the majestic scenery around.

It was terribly cold the day I took the Rhine trip, and as I was seated on deck I had the full benefit of the piercingly severe wind, but, all the same, the trip was exceedingly enjoyable. These Rhine steamers are extremely comfortable. We started at 9 in the morning from Mayence and reached Cologne at 5 in the evening, and I had my dinner on board, and very enjoyable it was too, as the cold piercing wind had given me a good appetite, and I had pleasant companions as well. I don't think that an individual can have a meal under more romantic surroundings than on a Rhine boat between Mayence and Cologne. After Bonn, the scenery was not interesting, and at 5 in the evening I reached Cologne, the great Cathedral City. The first thing I did was to visit the great Cathedral close by, whose chimes came floating into my bedroom every few minutes. I walked round the sacred structure simply lost in amazement and admiration at its magnificent proportions. No English Cathedral, so far as I can judge—and I have seen a large number of them—impresses one so much as the Cathedral at Cologne. I do not refer to the interior of the building, but to the effect that the building produces on the visitor when seen from outside. The Cathedral, with its two magnificent towers, the highest in Europe, is one of the most gigantic of Gothic edifices. The foundation stone was laid as early as in 1248, and it was only in 1880 that the building was entirely completed, and the inauguration took place in the presence of the Emperor William, many members of the imperial family

and almost all the princes of the German Empire. I was present for part of a service in the Cathedral next morning. There was a good deal of chanting by the priests in which the congregation as usual took no part, and then the prayers were intoned in the same humdrum, mechanical style. The interior of the Cathedral is richly decorated. There are some remarkable ancient and modern paintings on glass. In the Chapel of the Virgin, in the choir, there is a famous altar painting by Overbeck, and in the Chapel of the three Kings the famous "Dome bild" (picture of the Cathedral) dating from 1450. As I was strolling along the crowded streets, I met a Swede, who came up to me and kindly offered to show me some of the sights of Cologne. He had been to America and so was able to talk English, and it struck us both as very strange—one coming from the extreme North and another from the Far East and meeting in a German city, the medium of communication between us being the English language. Cologne lies on the left bank of the Rhine, forming a vast semicircle. The river-side is full of life and activity. Large steam launches come and go at all times of the day, besides boats of all descriptions loaded with merchandise, and in the evening, when the city is lighted up, and the river mirrors the coloured lights of the bridges and boats, the sight is very striking. The Roman *Castrum Divitensium* in Rhenish Prussia faces Cologne and I had to cross over a bridge of boats to this place. A first-class German band was discoursing music in a large restaurant, and my Swedish friend and myself enjoyed the music while we were having our refreshments. I could only spend a day at Cologne as I had to press on to Brussels. Cologne, as my readers are aware, is noted for its *Eau de Cologne*, and among other small things, I purchased a bottle of genuine *Eau de Cologne* at the well-known firm of Johann Maria Farina, opposite the Cathedral (jülichs— Platz, No. 4). The lady who was in charge of the shop told me that there were nineteen different firms that went by the same name and that the stuff sent out to India was not all genuine. There is a splendid Museum in Cologne which I also visited, containing antiquities of the Roman and Middle Centuries, paintings of masters of the Cologne School of the 14th and 15th century, and also a number of modern paintings. Some of the pictures of 19th century artists were very striking.

An Indian Visitor.

Shakespeare's Miranda.

To read Shakespeare's plays is to make personal friends with his heroes and heroines. With what a wonderfully vivid touch does this prince of poets portray these beautiful characters of his! Our hearts bound with pleasure as we read about them; we feel that we have found real and lasting friends. Especially seems this true with regard to Shakespeare's heroines. His Portia, Miranda, Imogen, Hermione, Perdita, Beatrice, Viola, Desdemona, Cordelia, Isabella,—do not each one of us find in one of these our special and beloved friend? Do not some of us realize in them Shakespeare's own beautiful words:

> "Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Truly, no friends are so constant as the friends of one's beloved books, and what better and more beloved book can there be to some than Shakespeare's immortal works? And to try to find these friends in daily life! how happy would we be, if each one of us had such friends.

One of the most beautiful of Shakespeare's heroines—beautiful in nature as well as in appearance—is Miranda, the heroine of the Tempest. She is a real child of nature. Simple and unsophisticated, true and innocent, gentle and childish—childish not as a child, but as a pure woman—this lovely maid comes to us straight from the hands of mother-nature herself. We have often noticed the resemblances that can be drawn between the heroines of Shakespeare and Kalidasa. A great resemblance seems to me to exist between Miranda and Sakuntala—the Sakuntala which comes in the first part of that immortal Sanskrit drama. Their stories and their characters are much alike. Both are the children of nature; both are brought up from childhood in the wilderness and in the lonely haunts of nature; Sakuntala in the peaceful flowery hermitage of her foster-father Kanva; Miranda in the beautiful wild retreat of her father, the Bermuda Isles, "so many fairy Edens, clustered like a knot of gems upon the bosom of the Atlantic, decked out in all the lavish luxuriance of nature, with shades of myrtle and cedar, fringed round with groves of coral; each island a tiny paradise rich with perpetual blossoms in which Ariel might have slumbered, and ever-verdant bowers in which Ferdinand and

Miranda might have strayed." Both the maids have lost their mothers in childhood and are in the care of their fathers; and in the case of both, these fathers lead the lives of hermits. Both Miranda and Sakuntala are the victims of circumstances. Though heiresses to great titles, they yet have been made to lead humble lives. Both the heroines are introduced to us as contemplating nature. Miranda is looking at the storm; Sakuntala is tending her garden. Miranda, it is true is contemplating the storm with feelings of terror and pity; Sakuntala is admiring her garden with feelings of love and admiration. But in both the root principle seems the same, for both appear in direct communion of nature, as if they were the friends of nature. Then again, in both cases, the heroes appear unexpectedly on the scene. The heroines have never seen strange men before; these new gallant young gentlemen seem to be as gods to them; and straightway, in the innocence of their hearts, they fall in love with the strangers. And in the innocence of their hearts, they do not know how to hide this love. The instinct of generations prompts them to hide it, but only half-heartedly. The end is the same. Both the maids confess their love, wholly and freely and joyously. To the heroes, on the other hand, the maids appear as goddesses, suited and yet unsuited to their environment, fit to grace the thrones of queens, and yet so simple and innocent that they appear the very nymphs of the woods.

Then comes in each case, a soliloquy between the lovers. The soliloquy between Sakuntala and Dushyanta, it is true, is not half so pretty or innocent as that between Miranda and Ferdinand. But, with all this, Sakuntala presents the same innocence of heart, and the same gentle dignity as Miranda unconsciously displays. And the guardian fathers approve of the match; and the heroines are taken out of their humble spheres to grace the thrones they were made for. And both are thenceforward happy.

The characters of both our heroines, if we study them carefully, we shall see to be much alike. Sakuntala, if read straight from the book, is a beautiful character. But, in most cases, where the play is acted, the character is spoilt. To it is given the arts and the wiles, the alluring glances, the coy artful bashfulness of the woman of the world, provoking often contempt, as well as ridicule. There is none of the artless innocence and the childish unreserve of the real character of the drama. But the true Sakuntala is, I think, almost a fit companion for our peerless Miranda. Sweet, happy, lovely, they both have no false modesty; they are free and unreserved, with the unreserve of children, not the unreserve of the practised woman of the world. And yet both are true women, with beautiful womanly traits and with all the charm of perfect womanly natures.

Sakuntala to some may not appear so perfect a character as Miranda. She has not imbibed that perfect sweetness of nature, which is so apparent in Miranda. But if this is so, one can but add that her character ripens in simplicity later. She is taken to heaven itself to be perfected. And there, we may be sure, she learns everything; growing in simplicity, innocence and sweet purity. When I think of Sakuntala, I imagine her as in the picture before us, flying up to heaven with eyes full of childlike trust and confidence, full of soft dreams and high ideals of purity, I think Miranda looked something like that when she gave herself up to Ferdinand.

Miranda is held in high favour by all who come near her. Her father is devoted to her, calls her his "dear one," "a nonpareil," "brave daughter," "of a most rare affection," and gives this beautiful testimony to her loveableness:—

> "O, a cherubin
> Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
> Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
> When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
> Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
> An undergoing stomach, to bear up
> Against what should ensue.

What a privilege this is; what a dear ambition this should be,—to be a solace in sorrow, an anchor of courage in trouble, a tender hand held out to help despair to rise triumphant in hope.

Even strangers succumb to the charm of Miranda. Alonzo, the king of Naples, thinks she is a goddess. Gonzalo calls down the blessing of heaven on her. And Caliban, that uncouth monster-man, even he admits her beauty:

> "I never saw a woman,
> But only Sycorax, my dam and she;
> But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
> As greatest does least."

And as for Ferdinand! it were superfluous to talk of his admiration for this maid. He calls her "a goddess," "a wonder"; he instantaneously falls in love with her and would make her the Queen of Naples. He thinks all his troubles would be nothing, if he but had the compensation of beholding this maid once a day.

> "This my mean task," he says,
> "Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
> The mistress, which I serve quickens what's dead
> And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
> Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed."

He calls her "most dear mistress," "precious creature," "noble mistress." He thinks her name only fit to be uttered in his prayers; he says it

would be "fresh morning with him, when she is by at night."

"Hear my soul speak,' he cries,
"The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man."

. . . .

"O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else in the world
Do love, prize, honour you."

Finally he gives her this supreme tribute:

"Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any,
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!"

Which of us women would not wish to be thought of so highly? Which of us would not desire to be so loved?

And this 'admired Miranda,' is she worthy of our admiration? Is she the perfect and peerless creature, "created of every creature's best?" Let us see?

We see her only four times in the drama; but with how many facets of light does her sweet character glow in these few times?

When we first meet her, her heart is bursting with pity for the poor souls knocked about in the storm; she is weeping bitter tears of compassion:

"O, I have suffered"
she says,
"With those that I saw suffer";
"O, the cry did knock against my very heart";
"O, woe the day."

This same intense compassion and motherly pity we notice again when she tries to help Ferdinand, who is working hard, and, frail creature as she is, offers to work instead of him. And this same compassionate tenderness shows itself when she exclaims softly, aghast at her father's tale of treachery:

"Alack for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to it."

Then we notice how devoted to her father Miranda is. How obediently and attentively she listens to him. She thinks how best she could comfort him: "Alack, what trouble was I then to you!" she exclaims. She knows he loves her. Confidently she tells her father that she would be surety for Ferdinand, being sure that her father loves her enough to accept it. And her confidence in her father is touching. She enquires with surprise why he is so 'ungentle,' knowing that he is never so. But when, even then he is harsh, she takes pretty comfort from her knowledge of him:

"Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Then he appears by speech; this is unwonted
Which now came from him."

Notice also that Miranda is intelligent. She asks clever and pertinent questions of her father, and he exclaims "Well demanded, wench!" She has a good memory also, she does not forget what happened to her even when she was three years old—a difficult thing to do. She has reasoning powers also, as we notice when she argues with Ferdinand about her carrying the load for him:

"I should do it with much more ease; for my good will is to it, and yours it is against." Miranda is of a thoughtful, unselfish nature. The first instinctive feeling that comes to her when she hears her father's story is a feeling of fear lest she might have added to his troubles.

"O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance,"

And again she exclaims, "Alack, what trouble was I then to you!"

How unselfishly also she tries to help Ferdinand in his work, we have seen.

Miranda is also of a grateful nature. She does not forget the friends of her childhood, and she wishes that she could see and thank the man who helped her father in his trouble.

She is of a humble disposition, as we see when she humbles herself before her lover, and thinks she is not worthy of him. She has a persistent character, for we notice how insistingly, in spite of repulses, she pleads with her father to be kind to her lover. And, with all the sweet willingness of her disposition, with all her tender clinging nature, notice that Miranda has an independent and firm mind. She has theories of her own, even against the will of her beloved father. And, even when her father appears to dislike Ferdinand, she unhesitatingly gives herself to the latter.

Miranda is quite unspoilt by the world. She has no taint of that curiosity, so natural to most women:

"More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts."

She has no desire for the world and its fashions, for she thinks they have lost nothing by being expelled from their Dukedom. She is simple and unaffected, has no coquetry, no alluring graces. She has no false modesty. When she meets

Ferdinand, she just expresses her admiration for him, and at once confesses her love. Some may call this forwardness; but is it so? Does it not rather seem the innocence of a childish mind? Miranda is so perfectly unsophisticated that she is like a child. She has wandered so long in the free haunts of the wilderness, that she has imbibed something of the freedom of nature herself. She is not ashamed of her love. Why should she hide it then? Notice also how freely Miranda talks to, and answers, Ferdinand. She has none of the false shyness of our Indian girls. In fact, why should she have it? She was not likely to be immodest. She was pure, immeasurably pure. She could go into the haunts of the devil, and yet be pure. Of course, all girls are not Mirandas, all cannot be outspoken like her. It requires the perfect innocence of childhood and the perfect purity of Nature, to be so. Where women live in the world, there modesty is wanted. But there is modesty and modesty.

Miranda also is so unworldly that she has no ambition for a better man than Ferdinand. Before she knew he was a prince, she loved him:

> " My affections
> Are then most humble: I have no ambition
> To see a goodlier man."

She has also no conventional manners. Some women do not offer to help men in manual work, thinking it the men's duty to help them. But Miranda, fearless of ridicule, offers to help Ferdinand. Notice also how unconscious of herself she is. She has no wish to attract Ferdinand's love by any arts or graces. She is just herself and acts as naturally as possible; not shy or self-conscious in the presence of her lover. She is not flattered by her lover's remarks, but says of herself: "No wonder, sir, but a maid." She has no vanity, for she does not know her own beauty and her own worth.

The scenes between Miranda and her lover are very interesting. She first thinks him a god; and, when he himself tells her that he is a man, her belief in him is not dispossessed, but she thinks he must be a rare good man. Then, even when her father tells her that there are many such men, she says that this one is enough for her. How sweetly and coaxingly she pleads with her father to be kind to Ferdinand; how she seeks to turn his mind. And, when he will not be turned, but insists on being harsh to her lover, how her heart goes out to this lover. She hangs around him as a mother hangs round the child she would help. "You look wearily," she cries; she offers to help him; and her sweet sympathy in fact does help him, as ought the sympathy of every woman to help her man in trouble. Then, notice how naïvely she breaks the command of her father not to tell her lover her name. Fond as she is of her father, her lover is now first to her. He is the chosen of her heart, and to him is given her first service. And then, how ingenious, how artless, how tender is her surrender to him. She says she has no experience of the world. Unreserved as she is, she is still modest, she seeks to restrain herself, she calls modesty her jewel. She humbly asks him whether he loves her, for she is too meek to see his outspoken admiration of herself. With what love, must Ferdinand love this tender, gentle, sweet creature!

> " I do not know
> One of my sex: no woman's face remember,
> Save, from my glass, my own; nor have I seen
> More that I may call men than you, good friend,
> And my dear father; how features are abroad,
> I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
> The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
> Any companion in the world but you,
> Nor can imagination form a shape,
> Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
> Something too wildly and my father's precepts
> I therein do forget."

Humbly she asks him; "Do you love Me"? When he says that he does, she weeps over it;

> " I am a fool
> To weep at what I am glad of."

She weeps, she says:

> " At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
> What I desire to give, and much less take
> What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
> And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
> The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no."

Finally: her sacrifice is complete.

> " My husband, then;"
> " And mine (hand) with my heart in it."

Everything that he would do is right for her.

> " Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
> And I would call it fairplay."

In conclusion let us see in how many ways does Miranda love Ferdinand? First, as a child with full trust and confidence; secondly, as a friend, with mutual reciprocation of ideas; third as a mother, with careful watching over and tender care; and last, but not least, as a wife. As a wife again, her love is many-sided. There is the admiration of woman to man in it; there is the wonder of humanity to something divine:

> " I might call him
> A thing divine, for nothing natural
> I ever saw so noble."

There is instinctive and absolute trust in her love:

> "There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
> If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
> Good things will strive to dwell with it."

She loves him with the greatest humility; she loves him with the spirit of service, for she would work for him and die for him. She is completely satisfied in him:

> "I have no ambition
> To see a goodlier man."

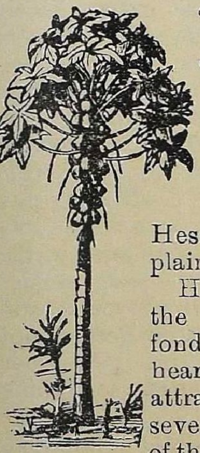
There is complete sacrifice and surrender in her love; she gives herself up to him.

> "Here's my hand with my heart in it."

There is no secret in her love; she is not ashamed of it. Finally, she will ever be constant to him, his own true wife.

Would there were a few Mirandas in this work-a-day world of ours!

My Possible Self.



"I have a kind of *Doppelgänger*," said Miss Emily.

"A what?" asked Hessie.

"A Doppelgänger! That is what the Germans call the 'other self,' which, they think, accompanies the real one."

"Oh, Miss Emily!" exclaimed Hessie in despair, "do tell me in plain English what you mean."

Hessie was Miss Emily's shadow, the one human being who was fond enough of her to willingly hear her talk by the hour. The attraction of that fresh young life of seventeen for a middle aged woman of thirty-eight was a mystery to Miss Emily, but she enjoyed it keenly, and was in the habit of talking as freely to her as if she were soliloquizing. They were sitting, that stormy evening in late November, not by a glowing open fire, where people in stories are always so comfortably ensconced, but by a plain black hole in the floor, through which nevertheless came warmth, if not cheer. The latter the student lamp, the books, and their own tongues had to supply.

Neither had spoken for fifteen minutes, when the unwonted silence was broken by Miss Emily's remark:

"My Doppelgänger," she began negatively to explain, "is not like Julian Hawthorne's Double, of which I heard the other day, which has been seen by his friends on several occasions, which appears exactly like him, and yet is not he, for he is somewhere else."

"Oh, Miss Emily!" said unbelieving Hessie, deprecatingly.

"Neither is she like the Dr. Jekyll part of me," continued Miss Emily, "for she does not leave the rest of me an unadulterated residuum of wickedness like Mr. Hyde. Neither is she exactly like the spirit in Dipsychus."

"What is Dipsychus?" asked Hessie.

"Dipsychus is the title of a remarkable though unfinished poem by Arthur Hugh Clough," replied she, "consisting of a dialogue between the nobler, spiritual part of a man and his worldly, selfish, material part; but mine is not like either."

"Then what *is* it like?" asked Hessie, a little weary of this long introduction.

"She has had an extraordinary influence on my life ever since I first became aware of her existence thirteen years ago," continued Miss Emily. "She has not left me since, even for a day. She is sometimes a discouragement, but more often an incentive, and at all times makes me realize the seriousness and value of life as I never did before. And you have one, too, Hessie!"

"Oh, Miss Emily, what *do* you mean?" asked poor Hessie.

"MY POSSIBLE SELF!—my best possible self."

"Oh," said Hessie, a light breaking over her, "I see."

"Now, if you want a long story, I will tell you where I first saw her," continued Miss Emily.

"Indeed I do!" said Hessie, as she took a more comfortable position on the rug at her friend's feet, looking up in her face with her head propped on her elbow. "Now begin."

"I remember perfectly the circumstances under which I met her, thirteen years ago," began Miss Emily. "It was on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in late September that I sat alone in the Triangle, reading a sermon of Horace Bushnell's."

"What is the Triangle?" interpolated Hessie.

"It is a small creviced nook on the edge of Paradise Island, where I spent that summer," she explained. "It was shut in on two sides by high rocks, and on the third opened to the blue waters of the Sound. It was my favourite retreat when I wanted to be shut out from all the world. The sermon was the one which I have heard called one of the greatest of this century, and is entitled, 'Every Man's Life a Plan of God's.' You must read it, Hessie. It shows that when we were born God had for each of our lives a plan, the best possible which each one of us, with our own peculiar limitations both of heredity and early training, can live, and our highest purpose should be to follow this plan of God's for us."

"I should like to read it," said Hessie.

"Dr. Bushnell puts it all in a wonderful way," said Miss Emily, "and it made a great impression on me. As I shut my book that afternoon and looked out on the water at my feet, I gave myself up to the train of thought which the sermon suggested, and, all at once, like a flash of lightning, I saw MY POSSIBLE SELF! There she stood, as clearly defined to my mental sight as the black rock edge against the blue sky."

"What was she like?" said Hessie.

"In personal appearance she was like me, and yet unlike. Her build was the same, but her physique far stronger than mine, and almost perfect. She looked strong enough to carry on a great work in the world, and the contrast gave me a pang as I thought of the health I had squandered in late hours and foolish dissipation the first winter I came out in society. I was not really delicate thirteen years ago, but I had lived up to every inch of my vitality, and consequently had no reserve force for any emergency, though originally inheriting an iron constitution. The least extra exertion wearied me, so it was a pang indeed which I received from the sight of the vigor and fine physical perfection of MY POSSIBLE SELF."

"But her face must have been like yours?" said Hessie.

"It was, and yet different. The eyes were the same in shape and color, but the expression had a certain nameless something in it which mine lacked, and which made hers beautiful. It was a look as of seeing things afar off, and of a perfect trust in something or somebody. The other most dissimilar feature was the mouth—a wonderful combination of sweetness and firmness. I knew my own lips were weak, undecided. MY POSSIBLE SELF's brow, too, was smooth as satin; not a wrinkle or a crow's foot. Mine I brought on myself, Hessie, years ago, by an early contracted habit of worrying whenever things went wrong. I sighed as I saw how unnecessary and detrimental were those self-imposed disfigurements of mine."

"She must have been beautiful," said Hessie.

"Indeed, she was not; for she had my despised red hair and my snub nose and the large finger-joints which have always been such a trial to me, you know; but it was a perfect revelation to me to see how the points which I have mentioned almost counterbalanced the inherited blemishes. Her whole appearance was so attractive it made me for a moment unhappy, not because of wounded vanity at the contrast (for that was not one of my many failings), but because I saw how much could be done in the world by so attractive a woman. The more personal charm, the more influence in reaching others for good. But, besides this revelation of her outward appearance, I suddenly seemed to acquire a knowledge of her mental and spiritual qualities and of her past life."

"How could you?" said Hessie, puzzled.

"I do not know," said Miss Emily; "but again, like a flash of lightning, I seemed to have MY POSSIBLE SELF burned into my understanding. I saw with pleasure that she still had my light-hearted, jolly, easy-going temperament, but what had become laziness and shallowness with me, MY POSSIBLE SELF had, by diligent efforts, developed into a peaceful quietness of manner and a sympathetic, genuine cheeriness which made her a sunbeam wherever she went. I saw, too, that she still had my natural likes and dislikes, though the latter were much less aggressive than in my case. She had in general no 'edges,' such as I have always had in abundance, you know."

"Is that why you call yourself a social polygon, Miss Emily?" asked Hessie, with a laugh.

"Yes," said she, with another; "for I have so many decided likes and dislikes which keep thrusting themselves out and cutting into people."

"Poh!" said Hessie.

"MY POSSIBLE SELF was as extravagantly fond of music as I, but had done so much more with it. Instead of trifling, as most school-girls do, and as I had, with the musical advantages my generous parents had showered upon me, she had improved every one, and, having mastered the natural disinclination to persevering hard work, which I always ascribed to my southern ancestry, the result was to me simply amazing. Her voice, no better than mine at the start, was wonderfully developed, and, besides its vastly superior technique, had a sweetness of tone which I knew must come from some fount of spiritual harmony within. Mine lacked her sympathetic tone. She had gained something from life which I had not."

"Was she as fond of poetry and reading as you?" asked Hessie.

"Yes," said she; "but what a difference in the result on her mind and mine! She had curbed her (and my) natural taste for romance and fiction, and had allowed it but a scanty gratification, which was as nothing compared with her solid reading. I remembered that, when I was thirteen years old, some one had told me what an amount of history I would know in ten years if I read it for fifteen minutes every day. I wearied of the experiment in three months. MY POSSIBLE SELF had persevered until then, her twenty-fifth year—and had proved that 'many a mickle makes a muckle' by the fact that she was then able to teach history as a speciality."

"I suppose she was a great linguist, too," said Hessie, knowing her friend's weak point.

"No," answered Miss Emily, "I was comforted to see that she had done nothing with the languages. She had, like myself, an aversion to them, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, had wisely decided to put her energies where she could do her best work.

"Her spiritual nature was so much more developed than my own that, had it not been for the unmistakable physical resemblance, I could not have believed that that fair soul was MY POSSIBLE SELF.

"The great turning-point in her spiritual life, as in my own, was at twenty years of age. Then my father lost his large fortune, and we children were obliged to earn our own support. I took it very hard, and my complaints and bewailings added greatly to the sorrows of my parents. I tried in several ways to earn a living, but my previous unthorough habits of study made my expensive education of little practical use in earning money. My first attempts—giving singing-lessons and writing for the press—were failures, and I was humiliated to find that my cake-making and preserves brought me in more money than either."

"What could your POSSIBLE SELF do?" asked Hessie.

"She would have been in great demand, with her singing and history, and a dozen other things to back, and her unselfish cheerfulness would have made her a joy and constant support to my parents. What misery I felt at this revelation of what I 'might have been' to my family! But it was then too late, for my dear father had died the year before. Oh, Hessie, do not wait so long as I did to know your POSSIBLE SELF, and what she might do in your place to make those around you happy!

"So all my life ran before me, and I saw what MY POSSIBLE SELF had made out of it—the conversational powers she had cultivated, and in which my own carelessness and laziness had made me so sadly deficient; the books she had read and I had only begun and never finished; the noble friends she had made and I had let slip, or had not had the character to attract; the many opportunities to do good which I had neglected and she had eagerly embraced, and the long troop of joys which came to her in their wake; the people she had helped; the same circumstances in our lives which her way of life had turned into blessings and mine into trials; even the pleasures of life had brought more to her than to me, for I had unconsciously frittered away on many worthless objects both my capacity for enjoyment and my naturally warm affections. All this wealth of life was hers, though she was born with the same physique, temperament, and natural tastes as mine, and though her early years were passed among the same people and brought her the same early training. I could not feel that this difference was the result of anything but my own fault.

"As I mused over these lost opportunities, and the fatal habit I had acquired of preferring present pleasure to sacrifice for future good, a deep feeling of misery overcame me. My life seemed wasted and utterly good for nothing. I said aloud: 'Truly, I know of no worse hell than that a soul which has spent a wasted life should be everlastingly confronted with its POSSIBLE SELF for all eternity.'"

"Oh, Miss Emily!" said Hessie, in a low, awe-struck tone.

"The sun had set by that time, and it was growing cold and dark, but still I sat in my rocky niche absorbed in these sad thoughts. I do not know how long I should have sat there, but, as the first star shone down on my troubled face, a ray of hope entered my heart, for I seemed to see another POSSIBLE SELF, not bright and almost perfect, like the first, but still so much beyond my present self that my heart leaped at the thought that it was yet possible for me to attain it. It was the personification of the best self possible to me from that hour.

"I found my way over the rocks to our island cottage that night, feeling almost as if I had a revelation from God, Hessie. Since then not one day has MY POSSIBLE SELF left me. Every day I try to do what she would do when annoyances and cares harass me; to think how sunshiny she would be under those same circumstances.

"In my efforts for self-improvement, in meeting the great as well as the small trials of life, and in my life work I try to live up to that revelation of MY POSSIBLE SELF."

"I, too, must have a POSSIBLE SELF," said Hessie, thoughtfully, and with a far-away look in her sweet brown eyes.

"Yes, dear, and so has every one, no matter how lowly. If we all made it the purpose of our lives to attain to OUR POSSIBLE SELVES which is only another name for God's plan for our lives, what a heaven this world would be!"

DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

Thro' mists of tears we still may sight
The rainbow-hues of God's good light,
Which puts to rout our earthly night.
Our goal is not in crumbling dust,
If God indeed be true and just,
As all our lives we hope and trust.
On life's rough sea tho' tempest-tost,—
Our Sun eclipsed by Winter's frost,
We know that Love can ne'er be lost.
Tho' in us Faith may fail and rove,
And Hope grow faint His Light to prove,
O still, we know that God is Love.

MAYA.

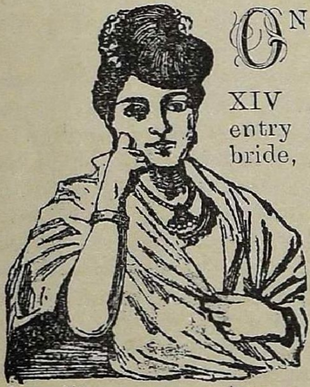
Romances of the French Throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

[By Jean Delaire.]

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

IX.—MADAME DE MAINTENON.



On a fair morning in August, 1660, the young King Louis XIV made a triumphal entry into Paris with his bride, the Princess Maria Teresa of Spain. Lost in the dense crowd that lined every road through which the royal procession was to pass, stood a young and beautiful woman, who, like every other woman in the throng, watched with delighted interest the splendid apparel of the princes and princesses of the blood and all the great lords and ladies who composed the suite of the young queen; like every other woman also, she was quick to remark the noble bearing, the simple grace and dignity of the youthful monarch as he slowly rode past beneath the royal dais, graciously acknowledging the acclamations of the multitude. This woman, poor, unknown, unnoticeable save for her great beauty, was one day to be known to the world as Madame de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV, and for many years the real head of the State.

Of all the romances of History, not one, perhaps, is so rich in dramatic elements as the life-story of Francoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon. Born in the prison-house of Niort, wherein her father, a Calvinist nobleman—Constant d'Aubigné, Baron de Surimeau—had for many years been detained for debts, the child knew no other home until she was four years old, when she was taken to the West Indies by her father, who had at last been granted his freedom, on condition that he should end his days in exile. His wife, a Catholic lady of high birth, was to be his companion in exile, as she had been his willing companion in captivity.

During the sea voyage to La Martinique, little Françoise was taken ill and fell into a trance so deep that even the doctor on board mistook it for death, and hasty preparations were made for a burial at sea. As the last prayers were read, and the little lifeless body was lifted by the sailors, the heart-broken mother prayed for one last look at her darling; straining the child to her heart, she showered passionate kisses on her cold brow, when suddenly the rigid body trembled in her embrace, and the little girl, with the wonder of a soul that has been called back from the gates of Death, re-opened her gaze to the world and smiled into her mother's eyes.

It is strange to think that the history of France would have been cast in different lines, if the mother's awakening kiss had not been given,—or if it had been given too late.

Once settled at La Martinique, M. d'Aubigné and his wife strove hard to better their fortunes, and might have succeeded but for the incorrigible gambling propensities of the baron, who soon lost in play what his industry, or perhaps his good luck, had won him. To such penury was the family reduced at last, that when the baron died, after six years of exile, his widow, desiring to return to France, where she had some property, was compelled to leave her little daughter behind her as hostage to their principal creditor!

This man, however, soon wearied of his charge, and, without even sending word to the mother, packed off the child to Europe, where, a little waif of ten, the future consort of the King of France landed one day at La Rochelle, penniless and alone.

It was then that a sister of M. d'Aubigné, Madame de Villette, came forward, and offered to take the sole charge of little Françoise's education; but, although reduced to extreme poverty, Madame d'Aubigné only accepted this offer with great reluctance, fearing that Madame de Villette, who, like the late Baron, her brother, was a staunch Calvinist, might urge little Françoise to change her faith. The mother's fears were not ill-founded, since very shortly after the child had been taken away by her aunt, she renounced the Catholic faith to become a Calvinist.

The religious wars of the times of Catherine de Médicis and the last of the Valois had not so long since been ended, nor were they so completely forgotten, that such an event could pass unnoticed, especially when the convert was the daughter of a *gentilhomme*. Françoise's Godmother in the Catholic faith had been Madame de Neuillant, a lady in the service of the Queen-mother, Anne d'Autriche. On hearing the news of this conversion she immediately employed her credit at Court to have the child taken away from Madame de Viellette and brought once more under Catholic influence. But the little girl proved to have a will of her own, and obstinately declined to abjure her new faith. Madame de Neuillant then decided to take her in hand.

With the strange ideas of her time—ideas which, alas, are still existent in our own days—the good lady deemed persecution the best method

of indoctrination, and spared her little charge no humiliation, no affront even, in the hope of thus bringing her to the desired state of obedience and humility. In vain: The woman who was one day to be the leading spirit in the revocation of the *édit de Nantes*, began by being "the martyr of the religion she was destined to persecute."

In Madame de Neuillant's house no work was deemed too hard or too menial for the young Calvinist to perform; it was she who had to measure out the oats for the horses and to summon the servants when they were wanted, bells not being then in general use; it was she also who was made to play the role of shepherdess in Madame de Neuillant's estate, and every morning Mademoiselle d'Aubigné could be seen going out to the fields, on her head an old sun bonnet, on her arm a basket containing her food for the day. "Je commandais dans la basse-cour," Madame de Maintenon wrote in later years, remembering these days of her childhood, "etc'est par lá que mon régne a commencé."

At last her mother decided to take her away from Madame de Neuillant and to send her to the well-known educational convent of the Dames Ursulines in Paris. There the young girl became the special care of the Lady Superior, a woman of great intelligence and tact, who soon achieved by kindness what all the persecutions inflicted by Madame de Neuillant had failed to bring about. While leaving the child free to follow her own faith, she yet had her carefully instructed in the Catholic doctrine, so that a very little time after entering the convent Françoise d'Aubigné renounced calvinism and was once more received as a member of the Roman Church.

But her trials did not end with this conversion. It served to estrange her great friend, Madame de Villette, without apparently conciliating Madame de Neuillant, who refused in any way to help the young convert. Abandoned by both these ladies, the young girl lived for a year in the convent as a "charity pupil", and left it to find her mother dying of want in Paris. Heart-broken, and herself on the verge of starvation, Françoise hovered for some time between life and death, until Madame de Neuillant, touched at last by so great a misfortune, took her back into her house, and, seeing in her *protégée* a promise of great beauty and wit, introduced her to Court.

Admirers, among them the Marquis de Villarceaux, one of the most popular noblemen of his time, were not slow to appear, but *la belle Indienne*, as she was called,—it being generally believed that she was born in the West Indies—had no other dowry than her beauty, and, considering the extreme licentiousness of the age, it is probable that neither the noble Marquis nor any other of Françoise's many suitors had matrimony for their object. Certain it is that Mademoiselle d'Aubigné carried a wise head on her young shoulders, and paid little heed to her lovers' addresses. It soon became known in the circle frequented by Madame de Neuillant that her *protégée* was as proud and as virtuous as she was clever and beautiful, and that, being most unhappy under her guardian's roof, her dearest wish was to enter a convent for life, if the necessary *dot* could be found. This *dot* Madame de Neuillant refused to give, for she was miserly as well as ill-tempered, and Françoise's only hope was in the charity and good-will of her friends.

Opposite to the house inhabited by Madame de Neuillant lived the poet Scarron, one of the most curious figures of the age. Crippled for life, deformed, comparatively poor, and, worst sin of all in those days, of obscure birth, Scarron was yet a favourite in most Parisian salons, and had the reputation, certainly not unmerited, of being one of the wittiest men of the period. He was kind-hearted withal, and in no wise embittered by his misfortunes. Learning through his friend, the Chevalier de Méré, of the sad plight of his little neighbour, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, he promised to raise among his friends the sum required by the Convent. Overjoyed at these good news, Françoise begged the Chevalier to introduce her to her unknown benefactor, so that she might personally thank him for his kindness; the Chevalier consenting, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné and the poet Scarron met for the first time—and the meeting proved an eventful one. After half an hour's conversation, the poet, struck by the grace, beauty, and wit of the young girl, remarked in his usual brusque way:—"Mademoiselle, since I have seen you, I have changed my mind: I will give you no money to help you enter a cloister!" And as Françoise drew back in a sudden movement of despair, he added quietly: "But if you consent to it, I will marry you...I give you a week to make up your mind whether you will have me, or not!" And at the end of the week, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, promised her hand in marriage to the crippled poet, saying, with the quiet philosophy she had already learnt of life, "J'ai mieux aimé l'épouser qu'un cloître."

This strange union of one of the most beautiful women of her time with a man deformed by disease, was not an unhappy one. The bride soon became one of the most popular women in Paris; her resplendent beauty, her wit, her creole grace, no less than her undoubted virtue, were the talk of the town, and her salon came to be the rendezvous of all the great minds of the day.

But, after the death of Scarron, she returned once more to the obscurity and poverty from which he had momentarily rescued her, and for the second time in her short existence she was thinking of embracing a religious life, when Fortune once more visited her in her retirement: She was chosen to be the governess of Madame de Montespan's children by Louis XIV. These children, although legitimatised by the King. were yet brought up in semi-seclusion, and the position of Madame Scarron was one, therefore, requiring the utmost tact, prudence and devotion. So well did she fulfil her new duties that the King, who frequently visited his children, was struck by her wit and wisdom no less than by her beauty, and from that moment Madame de Maintenon's* star was in the ascendant.

That most fickle of men, Louis XIV, was beginning to tire of the imperious favourite whom he had at one time so ardently loved, and little by little the quiet influence of Madame de Maintenon made itself felt over the King. She was no longer very young, but still beautiful, and her clear understanding, her sound judgment, her quiet dignity of demeanour, appealed with ever-increasing force to a man wearied by the arrogance and senseless caprices of his paramour. At last the Marquise de Montespan left the Court in disgrace, and in her stead Madame de Maintenon reigned supreme over the mind and heart of the King.

The Queen Consort, Maria Teresa, had died in 1683; the King was therefore as free as was Madame de Maintenon herself. The position of favourite, coveted though it had ever been at the Court of Louis XIV, Madame de Maintenon had persistently refused, some say because she was virtuous, others because she was ambitious, and dreamt of the royal crown...If this was true, then her dreams were partly realised, for one memorable winter night, in a small oratory of the palace at Versailles, Madame de Maintenon's romantic career was romantically ended by a secret marriage with *Le Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV—the child born in a prison house thus becoming, after a life of privation, poverty and every imaginable vicissitude, an uncrowned Queen of France, and one of the chief rulers in the Kingdom.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds He all."

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* Soon after she became the governess of his children, the King gave her the title of Marquise de Maintenon.

A Visit to Gersoppa Falls.

"God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then, that *health* and *virtue*, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and graves."

—*Cowper.*

Travelling is practically unknown in this country, at least travelling for the sake of pleasure and sight-seeing. This is because mother nature has been so bounteously kind to the children of the soil, that in a life of ease and comfort, we have not felt the stress of struggle for existence; and thus, free from the cares of the morrow, and the ennui of a busy life, we have come to acquire lazy stay-at-home habits.

But of late a change has come to pass over Indian life in larger towns, where men of business, hard-pressed and worried, are beginning to gasp for a breath of fresh air and change. These men generally look beyond the seas, to the distant slopes of the Alps and the Rockies for halcyon spots of peace and repose, forgetful that their own country possesses places of natural scenery, equal in grandeur and beauty to the much-vaunted sceneries of Europe and America.

It was my good fortune to visit one of these lovely places, the Gersoppa Falls, and I propose to give a short sketch of the trip there. There are two ways of reaching the Falls from Bombay side: One way is by sea. You take steamer from Bombay or Goa to Honawar on the west coast, then go up the river in country boats and eighteen miles by road in a country cart. The other way is to go as far as Shimoga by rail and then do the sixty odd miles, by country cart, or jhatka. The roads are excellent, smooth and level. One could comfortably travel, by motor, bicycle, or rickshaw. Travellers' bungalows are built at stages of 15 miles. The supplies are plentiful *en route*.

The road from Shimoga passes through a country of the wildest beauty imaginable, the primeval forests of India. The country may well be described in the words of the English poet:

"No less attractive is the woodland scene
Diversified with trees of every growth
Alike, yet various, here the grey smooth trunks
Of ash and lime or beech, distinctly shine
Within the twilight of the distant shade;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Scenes sink; and, shorten'd to its topmost boughs,

No tree in all the grove, but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar, paler, some
Of a warmish grey, willow, birch
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash, far-stretching its umbrageous arm,
Of deeper green, the elm, and deeper still,
The lord of the woods, the long surviving oak—
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple and the beech, of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odour, or unnoted pass
The sycamore capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny * * *

The vegetable growth is so thick and crowded that the giants of the forests, hard-pressed for space, have to stretch heavenward for elbow room, the tall waving bamboo brushes its feathery head with the sky, the young creepers entwine their tender arms round a patriarchal banyan in eternal embrace. Wild flowers of various hues and fragrance blush and blossom and waste their sweetness in the forest air. The foliage is so dense,—that the sun is hardly visible.

" And, where though all things differ, all agree
Here waving growths in chequered scenes display,
And part admit and part exclude the day."—*Pope.*

The wild fig, the jujuba—the Jambolamen, the mulberry, the bullock's heart, beal and mango, dispense their plentiful hospitality to the wandering beast and their grateful shade to the way-faring man.

Here and there you come across a secluded, silent spot remote from the haunts of men, perchance a pond full of pure crystal water—Nature's cup full of Adam's ale, fringed with the weeping willow, or stately palm, or may be, the waving bamboo. The surface of the water is irridescent with the many-hued lilies. There are lotuses of surpassing beauty and size,—the *emblem* of the land *itself!* There are scented grasses and ferns ; and the ducks and water fowl enjoy their peaceful existence in undisturbed repose.

The ground is covered with a soft yielding carpet of moss and lichen. The branches of the trees are alive with the feathered denizens of the forest bedecked in their gala-attire of green, yellow, red, and blue, twittering and singing, in careless glee, songs of eternal joy and peace. The honey-sucker, the hoopoe, the thrush, the robin, the cuckoo, the babbler, warble their songs of passion and *love.* Here the bulbul confides his love in impassioned whispers to the blushing rose, and there, the plaintive koil raises its mournful notes to its belated lover, the monsoon.

The air is thick with the hum of insects of variegated tints. The industrious bee is busy in filling its honey pot. The chameleon basks in the sun, capriciously changing its colours, the emblem of ephemeral life. In the branches—the red and the black-faced monkeys gambolo and frolic in their arboreal homes. Perchance you see a stately cobra raising its majestic, but deadly crown, to strike without compunction any one who may dare to disturb his reign of calm, or, a sluggish python, curling his sluggish coils round a dying victim.

Peace, and silence ; all is stillness—sublime, quiet, *celestial silence* !

" Silence ! all around prevailing,
Nature, hushed in slumber sweet—
No rude voices, mine ear assailing,
Universal nature slumbers—
And *my soul* partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
Plaintive songs, or lofty Psalms."

Through such scenes of lovely beauty, the traveller passes over brook and dale, till he reaches the valley in which lie the emerald waters of the Savitri—pursuing its placid course through the rocky bed. We cross the river in a ferry, at a time when the evening casts its long shadows over the bosom of the waters. The hum of the falls is heard in the distance. A mile and a half of walk, through thick, perennially green forests brings us to the Mysore Dak Bungalow, ensconced on a ledge of rock, a heavenly retreat of peace and an abode of bliss :—

" Oh for a lodge, in some vast wilderness—
Some boundless contiguity of shade—
Where rumour of oppression and deceit—
Of unsuccessful, or successful, war—
Might never reach me more ; my ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, in every day's reports—
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in men's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man."

In front of the bungalow, facing the falls, is a long terrace, and as you stand on the edge of the terrace, behold—you are in sight of the most glorious sight the eye of man can see! The night is dark, the air is still, and the forest life sleeps in its couch of down and leaf. All is silent save for the chirping of a cricket, rubbing its rheumatic knees in his painful bed, or the distant hooting of a moping owl. At your feet a vast chasm of half a mile across is filled with curling boistering vapour. Through these translucent mists are seen the silvery streaks of the falls. There is a loud continuous roar rendered louder by the stillness of the hour, as the maddened waters rush from their giddy heights into a fathomless pit below.

I open my wondering eyes and look around and gaze and gaze on the panorama of beauty and life spread out before me. I ask myself, is it a reality, or a day dream ?

It is morning ! The brilliant dawn has given birth to a brilliant day, the sun has risen in the heavens, and is shedding its heat and light

with unstinted prodigality over the world of life. The sky is clear of the purest azure hue. Only a few flakes of clouds freckle the face of the dawn in the east. The air is fresh and balmy, alive with the joyous songs of birds, a gentle breeze is fanning the trees. The hills stand out clear in the distance, clothed in the purest verdure. Oh! what shades of green, moss green, sea-green, apple and olive green, purple and dead green—*All* is green!

This is the background of a gigantic canvas, in the foreground in which are depicted the great Falls of Gersoppa.

The path to the basin is steep and winding; and at places not easy to negotiate, but we merrily proceed to within a 100 or 150 yards of the Falls. Here, the path is so slippery and impassible, by the accumulation of ages of damp and slime that the descent is distinctly an acrobatic feat, and only the venturesome spirits among us proceed to essay the task, and I am left alone to look upon the *glorious spectacle*!

The four Falls pour their volume of crystal waters down a height of 830 feet. To the right is the smaller fall, ethereally bedecked in flowing colour of the finest and purest white, as if it was woven with pearls of ever-changing tints of beauty.

To the left of this, is the second fall, narrow above and broad below, and behind is the third fall wending its boisterous course along a steep incline, and last though not least is the majestic cataract pouring unceasingly a stream of liquid silver into the fathomless pit below. Across the brow of the four Falls is painted a perfect and a most glorious rainbow reflected over the drops of mist, dancing in the air like brilliants, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires studded in drops of fire.

Myriads of pigeons, flying about, in and out of these mists, like motes in the sun's rays,

> "Splendid numerous flocks
> Of pigeons settling on the rocks
> With their rich restless wings that gleam
> Variously in the crimson beam
> Of warm West—as if inlaid
> With brilliants from the mine, or made
> Of tearless rainbows such as span
> The unclouded skies of Peristan."
>
> *Lala Rockh.*

Long I stand entranced watching the sight, and then I turn away, bewildered by its very wealth of beauty.

ZUBEIDAH.

The Sacred Cow.

FROM time immemorial the cow has been worshipped in India as *Kamadhenu*, the cow of eternal milk. And among all the lower animals which the Hindus have raised to the rank of divinity, it has occupied the highest position. To the Hindus whose profession is chiefly agriculture, the bovine species has been of immense use. The *Gomahatmya* says that the cow is the Goddess of Wealth personified. In it Brahma, the creator, has centred the various attributes of the celestials, satraps who guide man's destinies. To the ordinary cultivator, it is the wealth of the country, the very prop and pillar of all virtues. It is the presiding deity in every Hindu hearth and parlour. The myth has it that the cow is Heaven's light, that helps us to cross the unfordable and treacherous river *Vitarani*, that obstructs man's royal road to Heaven. To the Indian ryot, the ox is indispensable as a means of ploughing the land. He uses the ox in drawing water from the wells, by which he irrigates his lands. At the harvest time, he cuts the ears of corn which is grown in his fields and collects and heaps them. When they are sufficiently dry, they are thrashed by his ox. They are then carried to the nearest market, in carts drawn by his oxen. Thus the life's cycle of an India ryot rotates round these animals.

In primitive times, when the Aryans entered India, they were separated into *gotras* or families each of which consisted of the descendants of a certain ancestor. The term *gotra* is a combination of two words *go* (cow) and *tra*, to protect, to keep. From the existence of this compound word, we can infer that among the original Aryans, each family kept and maintained cows and tended them. The milk of the cow, its butter, cheese, curds and ghee (clarified butter) and other products prepared out of the milk, constituted the chief articles of food. Originally the Hindus were eating flesh and on special occasions used the flesh of oxen and calves, when it was indispensable, as a part of some religious ceremony. Flesh-eating was enjoined in the Sastras, but when Buddhism spread throughout India the use of flesh was given up altogether, and it was much limited even among the non-Brahminical castes. Under the auspices of the new religion with which was incorporated the fundamental principle of *Ahimsa, Paramo, Dharmah*,—non-killing is the greatest virtue,—the cow acquired greater veneration. To the vegetarian Hindu, the produce of the cow, viz.,

the milk, butter, cheese and curds became more and more a necessity. The great demand thus created for these products rendered the keeping of cattle a very profitable profession. Hence we find that in every town and village, in addition to the keeping up of cows in each family to meet their daily requirements, there came into existence a separate class of people, whose sole occupation was to keep cattle in a large stock, and to sell to their customers the produce of their cows and to dispose of the calves and bullocks whenever their stock was multiplied.

In the original division of the Hindu castes the tending of cows is assigned to a Vaisya and when he was rich he employed a number of Sudras to do the business under his superintendence. In later times, when the position of Sudras was raised to a higher level and the rule, which strictly prohibited Sudras to acquire any property, was sufficiently relaxed, the Sudras enjoyed the privilege of the Vaisyas, in keeping large herds of cattle. These are known as *Idaiyars* in Tamil and *Gollas* in Telugu. The *Idaiyars* derive their name from *Yadavas*, the descendants of a king named *Yadu*, who under the Sovereignty of Krishna and Balaram acquired much reputation. The cowherds of the Telugu country, *Gollas*, attribute their name to Gopal which means literally a cowherd and is a name of Krishna. In the Nellore District where cattle breeding has become the most important profession, large herds of cattle, are owned by the ryots and the animals have enabled the proprietors to often assume the position of Polygars.* From primitive times man has been displaying a tendency to worship and deify every means of his livelihood, even his tools and implements with which he worked and earned his wages. This principle of regard and veneration actuated all the people from the highly intellectual Brahmin to the lowest mechanical labourer, to the worship of the holy cow. The Brahmin venerated his own learning and his manuscripts which he personified as the goddess of learning, Saraswati; the Kshatriya his weapons, his horse and elephant, his armour and other things useful to him in his profession of fighting and killing. In this way the cow which is serviceable to all castes and is a necessity to every family has become the highest object of veneration to all the Hindus.

These are the circumstances which have highly contributed to the sanctity of the cow and which would have produced the same result in any other country under a similar condition of the society. There are other religious circumstances by which the regard paid to the cow has been culminated into the highest kind of worship. It has been deified and has been placed among the gods. It has played a very important part in the theogony of the Hindus. In the Rig Veda, the cow is considered as a deity, to which prayers are offered. "She is" says one of the hymns "the mother of the *Rudras*, the daughter of the *Vasus*, and the sister of the *Adityas*. Do not kill the noble cow. I have said this to a thinking man. Let the man whose knowledge is little, not touch the cow, which enables man to speak and to acquire learning, which is possessed of all kinds of wisdom, which is divine, which has come to me for a divine purpose." (viii. 102. 16).

Similar hymns are found in the Yajus and the Sama Vedas which are offered as prayers to the cow deity. *Kamadhenu* is the celestial cow which grants all boons to her worshippers. She arose out of the milk ocean, which was churned by the gods and from which the deities obtained the Amrita—the celestial ambrosia—, and God Vishnu and his consort, the Goddess of Wealth, Lukshmi.

When Dilipa, a king of Ayodhya, went to the celestial city, and returned to the lower world from his visit, he saw the celestial cow seated under the celestial tree, *Kalpaka*, the tree of perennial supplies. He passed on without paying any homage to her. To humble down his pride, she cursed him saying that he should remain without any issue till he worshipped her daughter *Nandini*. *Vasishta*, the divine priest, saw this in his contemplation, and ordered the king to worship the daughter of Kamadhenu. The king and his wife accordingly adored her every day in the morning and the evening. After the morning worship was over, the king took the cow to the jungles and allowed her to graze till evening and returned home in the evening with her. He stood while she stood, walked while she walked, slept while she slept, sat while she sat, and thus worshipping her, he appeared as if he were her shadow. She at last put his piety to test, a very severe test indeed. By an illusion, which she created, a lion appeared to attack the cow. The king tried his utmost to defend the animal with all his courage and strength, even at the risk of his own life. But the lion was too much for him, and his strength failed him. He requested the lion to spare the cow and eat him instead. The cow pleased with his piety and devotion cast off the illusion and then explained to him that it was only a mere illusion and blessed him with happy and strong children.

* In Sanskrit, the word Godhana (*go*, cow, *dhana* wealth) is applied to a herd of cows, indicating the fact that the people of India regarded the cow as a valuable property, and the fact that a cow was considered as a unit of the standard of valuation, which was applied to everything brought to the market, as was the case with the Romans, who used the *pecunia* in the sense of wealth and money.

The supernatural power which is attributed to the cow can be understood from the following Puranic stories :—*Kartavirya*, a king of mighty prowess, possessed of a thousand hands, went out once on a hunting excursion and halted at the hermitage of *Jamadagni* who had with him the sacred cow. By the help of the divine cow, he was able to get a supply of food and milk with which he entertained the king and his army at a great banquet.

Viswamitra, a king of the solar race, came to his family priest Vashishta who had with him the celestial cow. By the aid of the cow, the Rishi entertained Viswamitra splendidly. The latter admired the wonderful power of the cow and wished to have possession of it. He requested the priest to give him the cow and offered the richest presents in return, but without effect. He wished to take possession of the cow forcibly. Accordingly he seized the animal, but she resisted the attempt and prevented him from seizing her. He became angry and began to wage war with Vashishta. But Viswamitra was baffled, notwithstanding the large army he brought with him against the Rishi. He was defeated by hosts of warriors created by the animal and had to submit to the humiliation brought on him by his Brahmin enemy.

The worship of the two most important divinities of the Hindu religion is closely connected with the cow.

God Siva is mounted on a bull and his attendant Nandi is of the form of an ox. In every temple of Siva, the idol of a bull is placed in front of the idol of Siva and is worshipped with great piety. According to the *Basavapurana*, *Nandi* or the vehicle of Siva became incarnated as *Basava*, the minister of a king of Kalyan, and spread the religion of the Lingayets and the Aradhya Brahmins.

God Krishna was the chief of the Yadavas, a race of Kshatriyas, who were cowherds in profession. He is represented under the name of Venugopal, as a cowherd playing upon the flute with a cow behind him licking his feet. There is not a temple either of Siva or Vishnu in which a cow is not connected with the worship. When the gate of the inner temple is opened, a cow is represented before the chief idol so that it is the cow that the god sees first. This is called *Viswarupa darsana*, that is seeing the form of all gods, for the cow is considered to represent all the gods, as all gods are said to live in her person.

In the *Markandéyapurana*, it is said that the cow is the support of the whole world. She represents the Vedas ; her back is the Rig Veda, the waist Yajus, and the face, Saman. Her horns represent the Yaga and the works of public good such as digging the tank, etc. She is the nourisher of the world and purifies the whole universe.

One of the daily duties of a Hindu household, is to see a cow in the early morning and worship her and bow to her, reciting a verse the meaning of which is as follows :—

"O! deity, grant everything desired, and anoint us with your milk which is equal to all the holy waters, purifying and refreshing. Accept my homage to you."

The gift of a cow forms an important part of the many ceremonies in a Hindu household, such as the marriage ceremony. It is supposed to remove all sins and confer on the giver the highest merit.

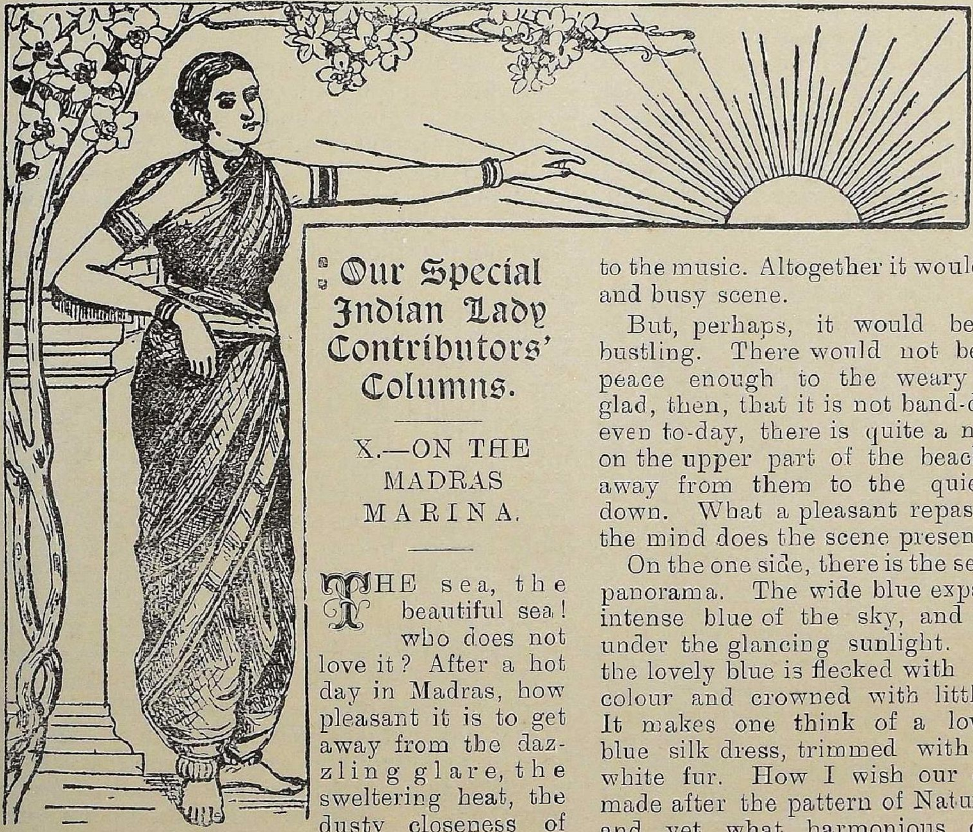
God Vishnu is said in the *Bhagavata* to be in the Gólóka, the world of the cows ; and this is a modern addition to the already existing seven worlds. When Krishna raised the mountain *Govardhana* to protect the cows and cowherds from the great deluge sent by Indra; Kamadhenu came to Krishna with all her descendants and paying homage to him, highly praised him for the protection and shelter he offered to her children. She said "O! Krishna, great yogin, whose person is the world itself, who creates the world, thou who art the lord of the universe art our lord also. Thou art the highest deity to us and to all the persons who are good and wise." Then she anointed him with her milk.

To bathe with the milk of the cow is a symbol of the highest happiness, and when a Hindu feels great joy or satisfaction, he will say, "I feel, as if I have milk poured on my head." This is a common proverb among the Tamils.

In the month of January, an annual feast is solemnized in honour of the cow, when each owner of cows and bulls, bathes them and adorns them with paintings and garlands, and cooks a rich meal, which he enjoys in the company of his relatives and friends. It is one of the most important festivals of the South Indian Hindus, and especially among the farmers it is celebrated with greater grandeur. On that day no work is given to the bullocks and in the evening, all the cows and calves which are kept in the house are taken in the streets with great pomp, according to the position of the owners. On the second day, the villagers collect the best bulls available and perform a play called in Tamil Erudatam (*erudu*, a bull, *attam*, play), attended by all the inhabitants of the village. Among the annual ceremonies called *Vratas* in Sánskrit, there are some in which the worship of a milch cow and its calf, and the gift of them to a Brahmin form an important function. In the *Gopadmadwadasi Vrata*, God Krishna is worshipped under the name of

Madanagopala. A cow is brought to the house with its calf. Its horns are adorned with ornaments of gold and its hoofs with silver jewels. Bedecked with wreaths and garlands of flowers, the cow with its calf is presented to a Brahmin. In another Vrata called *Godwadasi*, an idol of Vishnu is made of gold mounted on his vehicle, Garud, the kite. After the ceremony is over, the performer of the ceremony should worship a cow and its calf. He should adorn the animals with flowers, saffron powder, sandal, and burn frankincense before them. With these ceremonies the worship comes to an end. In the evening the animals are fed to their heart's content.

C. H. K. Shastri.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

X.—ON THE MADRAS MARINA.

THE sea, the beautiful sea! who does not love it? After a hot day in Madras, how pleasant it is to get away from the dazzling glare, the sweltering heat, the dusty closeness of the city, to the cool breezes, the spacious spaces, the pretty sights of the Marina! What a comfort to the tired body, what a refreshment to the jaded eye, the befogged brain!

If it were band-day, the scene would be full of excitement. There would be well-ordered lines of carriages, with charmingly dressed, gaily grouped occupants—European, Eurasian, Parsee, Indian; there would be a crowd of promenaders, the mounted police would ride up and down, the hum and chatter of conversation would gaily mingle with, and, perhaps, dominate, the roar and the murmur of the sea. The strains of the band—sometimes gay, sometimes melancholy—would mingle happily with the talk and the laugh; it would be very pleasant to watch the children dancing and stepping round and round to the music. Altogether it would be a very happy and busy scene.

But, perhaps, it would be too busy, too bustling. There would not be solace enough, peace enough to the weary mind. We are glad, then, that it is not band-day to-day. But even to-day, there is quite a number of people on the upper part of the beach. Let us walk away from them to the quieter walks lower down. What a pleasant repast to the eye and the mind does the scene present!

On the one side, there is the sea. What a lovely panorama. The wide blue expanse reflects the intense blue of the sky, and sparkles merrily under the glancing sunlight. Here and there, the lovely blue is flecked with darker dashes of colour and crowned with little tufts of foam. It makes one think of a lovely shimmering blue silk dress, trimmed with flecks of glossy white fur. How I wish our dresses could be made after the pattern of Nature. What daring and yet what harmonious combinations we would have! But, to return to our sea;—as I gaze at it, I think of Ruskin's words: "Most people think of waves as rising and falling. But if they look at the sea carefully, they will perceive that the waves do not rise and fall. They change. Change both place and form, but they do not fall; one wave goes on, and on, and still on; now lower, now higher, now tossing its mane like a horse, now building itself together like a wall, now shaking, now steady, but still the same wave, till at last it seems struck by something, and changes, one knows not how,—becomes another wave." Is not the sea just like that?

Here and there are little canoes with white sails glittering in the sun. The waves are edged with a fringe of white, which joins

prettily with the dazzling expanse of white sand. But, as the sun grows less dazzling, the intense light blue changes into a darker, quieter blue, like the steady shine of dark blue eyes; the sands appear cooler, and children gather together in gay little groups, screaming and playing. Ungainly little boats are stranded in the shore, making dark blots of colour. Fishermen in their comical caps are busily drawing into little bundles, their fishing nets, which glitter with sudden flashes of light, as straggling sunbeams catch the little fish and little fish-scales remaining in the meshes. Edging the sands after a long interval, on the shore-side are the long lines of dark-green walks, making a lovely contrast of colour with the white sand. And against the dark hedges as a background, flowering plants are grouped together into pretty groups of colour. Then comes the splendid promenade of the long platform—said to be one of the best promenades in India. And, on the outside of this are the carriages.

On the other side are some of the time-honoured buildings of Madras. The Senate House, with its lordly pile, and its gilded domes shadowed by the low-lying clouds overhead, how it reminds one of examinations past and done with, but the remembrance of which is still able to send a nervous quiver through one. There did we sit for our weary examinations, but there also did we win our hard-earned degrees. Oh, Senate House! may you last long! The Chepauk buildings always seem to me to be a very pretty cluster of buildings. The Presidency College—grand, solid, makes one think of the solid strenuous education work going on in our country. The Wenlock Park presents a sad sight. The pretty pavilion with its pretty garden, how neglected it appears. What excitement and what anticipation of a happy social intercourse there was when it first was opened. And now! But over the low walls is rising a high hedge, and, I think, our Indian ladies can well gather together there in pleasant meetings. Lower down the beach are the other buildings. Tennis players appear very busy in playing enthusiastic sets of Tennis; footballers kick the football with hard energy, cricket and other games engage the students' attention. Altogether, it seems as if the athletic side of our Indian students' education is not being neglected, though there is still much wanting.

What interesting groups of people we meet! Everywhere we see the Indian students, sometimes walking singly, sometimes in small, sometimes in large groups. Laughing, talking, chattering loudly, proposing and arguing what seems to them important theories in a queer jargon, half, English, half Vernacular, they walk along, spending some happy leisure moments. What different combinations of dresses there are, to be sure. Some are quite conservative to the Indian costume, some imitate the European style—a few in good taste, but many in grotesque carricature—, some show a mixing of both styles. Every thing shows the state of transition our Indian people are in. Here are two dirty little boys swinging along with tangled heads and dirty cloths round their shoulders; they feel much private amusement at the sight of fashion driving along. Here are two Brahmin ladies with fair faces and *Kornat Saris* walking behind a Hindu gentleman, who strides along with head held high. It is not long since Hindu ladies would have refused to appear in public even under purdah; now they have consented to walk on the beach under the gaze of all eyes. Truly, civilization has advanced; but I would it could advance still further, so that all Hindu gentlemen would make their women walk side by side with them, not behind. Here is an old Brahmin in orthodox Brahmin dress, who appears much shocked at the giant strides with which Hindu custom and conservatism are yielding to liberal tendencies. Two young men are striding along with old care-worn faces. What thoughts are behind their far-gazing eyes? Here are an English lady and gentleman walking along side by side. How pleasant their companionship seems. Every-day objects seem to gain a new interest, simply because they are looked at with two-fold interest. Would that the same could happen in our Indian society. Here are some Rajahs or grand Indian dignitaries with dignified mien and grand clothes. They seem to me to be walking along too stiffly to gain much benefit from the Marina. Here is a man who has evidently got a severe cold—his head is all wrapped up in a shawl. Here are a Parsee lady and gentleman, the former so graceful in her clinging blue *sari*. Here is an Ayah trundling along a fat little European baby in his perambulator. Here, on the road-side, are some street-people, returning from their hard work, making audible comments on the passers-by in voluble strident voices. Here also is a sweetmeat seller, sending out far his voice hawking his sticky stores. All walk along, all are busy in their own affairs, and the world goes, its own way, regardless of little men and little women.

And the carriages, what a variety of them! Here is a grand landau with its pair of horses, high-stepping with proudly arched heads. There are any amount of grand carriages and it is a pleasure to watch the beautiful horses as they pass by. Not wanting of course are the old carriages, the shabby carriages, the ricketty carriages, with old or useless horses, some knock-kneed, some broken-backed, some thin to emaciation. In sharp contrast are the

rattling jutkas, driven along as quickly as possible behind the poor jaded hackney horses. Making as much insolent noise as the pony-jutkas come along the bullock carts, drawn by little brave bulls. Country carts jolt into sight here and there.

Whizz—there rushes by a huge motor car, panting and swishing with its own energy. Or perhaps—oh sad sight!—we might see a motor-car being pushed on by coolies! The bicycle, spinning merrily along, or threading its thin awery through a stream of carriages, is a common enough sight.

But soft, the sun is setting in the west. Tinging the clouds with a glow of gorgeous colour, with vivid dashes of orange, crimson, amber, heliotrope, purple, appears a ball of fire, seeming to stand for a moment stationary on the verge of the sea, and then gradually sinking behind. Away in the far west, sky and ocean seem melting into one in the expiring glow, and over the heaving billowy sea hangs a faint golden-purple haze, mysterious and enchanting. A few canoes and fishing boats are toiling to come to shore. Here and there, touched with gold or silver, the sparkling wavelets gleam with faint phosphorent shimmers of light. The smooth sands fade away into a soft whiteness. Far out on the sea appear the twinkling lights of a steamer, and up the beach are rows and rows of carriage lights, while still farther away shine the harbour beacons, and the lighthouse gleams like a burning eye over all. Suddenly the sun flames up into a last great conflagration. It sends a flame over the whole scene, it fires the trees, it blazes in the clouds, it rolls like a sea of glory over the people on the beach. But only for a moment, and then it dies away into the soft glow of twilight, which deepens and grows more mysterious. It is like some golden realm of peace broken in harmoniously upon by the deep roar of the sea-waves. We feel as if we were atoms in an unmeasurable world, but peaceful happy atoms; come, let us go home.

NALINI.

Some Indian Servants.

To properly judge of servants, one must have experience of them. Consequently, never having been in England, I do not know much about English servants. But I have heard it said about them that they are proverbially faithful and constant, efficient and hard-working, honest and conscientious. Indian servants, on the other hand, are almost wholly decried. There are complaints innumerable against them, chiefly from European ladies, lamenting their want of every good quality and recounting wonderful tales of their dishonesty and inefficiency. There are stories of how they mix wonderful ingredients in the dishes they serve, of how they corrupt the honesty of inexperienced servants;—these are all no doubt true and can well be believed.

It is the surroundings which make the character. There is a vast difference between the environment of English servants and that of Indian servants. From their childhood up, English servants are well-trained. For ages together, the English, rich and poor, have been moulded in the transfiguring and ennobling mould of civilization. But take our Indian servants. Missionaries and other philanthropic people do try to teach them something; but the civilizing agency is a growth of only a few generations. The higher classes themselves of Indians are not quite accustomed yet to education. Many among them are yet uneducated. What can be said then of the lower classes, of the poor servants and working classes? A woman of the despised pariah caste once said to me: "I think we are born with the instinct to steal." I think this is quite true. Then again English servants are well-taken care of. They are given separate rooms for themselves. Good food is given them; they are given one holiday or an evening out in every week. In fact, they are treated like family members. But the Indian servants, where are they to live in? If they live in their master's compound, some wretched hovel, or a dirty unused room is quite enough for them; when food is given them by the master, very often they have to be satisfied with very bad food; perhaps the curry is only a bit of salted fish. This, of course, is very seldom the fault of the European masters and mistresses; it is more often the business of the butler or Khaunsanmah, to whom generally the arrangement of such things is left. Besides this, what holidays are Indian servants given? Scarcely any. If they beg a few hours off, they are severely reprimanded, and hence they have to invent excuses, which would be terrible were it not for the comic element in them,—excuses such as the death of a valued relative or friend, to whose funeral the poor servants say they must go. And, are they treated as family members? Of course, such a thing is not possible, where the master is a European. But are the servants even treated as human beings? In many cases they are not. The masters, who in England, for want of servants who refuse to do menial work, have to help themselves in many things, come out to India, find a large staff of servants at their disposal, and proceed to order them about most

unreasonably. If the servants grumble, or fail in the slightest thing, woe be to them. They are either fined heavily, or, worse still, beaten. Then, when the master relents and is sorry for his unreasonable behaviour, a few rupees are thrown at the servant's head as compensation. Does this show a proper estimate of the servant's character. Is it not the treatment we give to four-footed animals, for instance, dogs? In fact, there is one great difference between English and Indian servants. The former come out of a class which respects itself and demands respect from even superiors. The latter come from a class, which has been systematically down-trodden and systematically ill-treated.

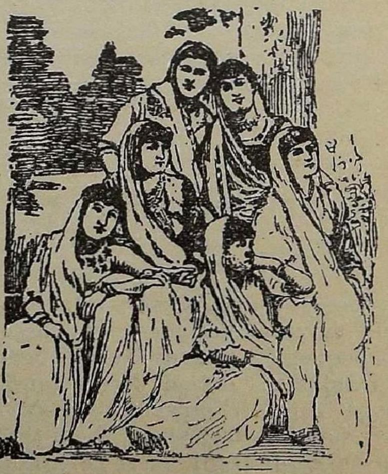
What I have said of the bad treatment of Indian servants does not mean that all English people are hard masters and mistresses. Oh no! There are English households in India, where the servants are systematically well-treated and have every kindness and consideration shown them. What is the result? In many cases, alas! the kind treatment but makes the servants worse. With the longer scope given them for dishonesty, they indulge themselves in every sort of deception of their good masters. Therefore the conclusion that ought to be drawn, is that Indian servants are really very unsatisfactory, very wicked, indeed; but irreclaimable? I do not think so.

For, let us set ourselves to find at least a few good points in this large expanse of wickedness. Are not Indian servants very hard-working? Certainly. Where they are well-trained and intelligent, there are no better servants for efficient and hard work, leaving apart the question of dishonesty, than Indian servants. Are they not efficient? Certainly, many of them are efficient, if only their attention is rightly caught and they are well-trained. And one trait of character there is in Indian servants, which is certainly an advantage to their masters. They are very submissive. However much they are scolded or even kicked at, it is seldom that an Indian servant, at least, a South Indian servant, answers back. And there are cases on record to show that even our Indian servant can be faithful and love his master and mistress so much, that he will even give his life for them.

Who is at fault then? Is the behaviour of Indian servants the result or the cause of their treatment? I venture to think that the fault is on both sides. On the one hand, the servants are too obsequious, they demean themselves too much by thinking 'baksheesh' a proper compensation for loss of self-respect, they have absolutely no self-respect. On the other hand—to take only the Europeans—the masters and especially the mistresses who come out fresh from England, know too little of Indian matters. In the first place, they have too many servants; the division of labour is too much, and hence the servants get lax and self-indulgent. Then again, the young European Memsahib knows so little of Indian household matters; she gives in to whatever the 'boy' says; or she leaves everything to the head-servant to manage, and the latter, of course, becomes a hard and unjust task-master. What about this story? The cook charged the Memsahib for 32 eggs, *for a day*. The Memsahib asked the reasons for this. Thereupon comes a long list of plausible ways in which the eggs were supposed to be used. The poor Memsahib is so staggered that she at once pays for the eggs. Thirty-two eggs a day! is that right!

But, there is this to say. The European masters and mistresses cannot be blamed much in their treatment of Indian servants. They are foreigners of alien blood; they know hardly anything of Indian character. But we, Indian masters and mistresses, who treat our servants badly, like dogs and cats, *we* are to be blamed most. After all, the servants are of our own race, we ought to understand them better. But here, the question of caste comes in. The servants belong to a low-caste; they are Pariahs! It is wonderful what plausible excuses we can make for ourselves. And servants are not always servants, are they? They are human beings like anybody else. They have their home-ties, their likes, their dislikes, their human feelings, in fact, all the humanizing traits of the human race. Therefore let us be kind to them and treat them as human beings.

Moral Culture.



There are many things at which persons should aim as the noblest object of their life. Money, health and position are no doubt needful. But above them all, the possession of a good character is the most essential thing that one should aim at. Character, says Smiles, is the crown and glory of life. It is the noblest pos-

session of a person, constituting rank in itself, and an estate in general goodwill, dignifying every station and exalting every position in life. A person may have little education and wealth, but if he has a good character, he is of sterling worth. He would be respected by all, whatever may be his social status. Professor Blackie in his little book enumerates a number of virtues, which ought to be cultivated by men. I think that the virtues mentioned by that learned gentleman should not only be the ambition of men, but also those of ladies.

Truthfulness, says Smiles, both in words and deeds is the backbone of character. No outward show would do, as this world is full of stern realities. Whosoever then makes an outward show of what he is really not is acting the part of a liar. He may be compared to, says Professor Blackie, a polished plate, which keeps its gilt for a short time only. But as the time goes on, the gilt disappears, and the plate appears quite dark and dirty. A man, who is not genuine, will sooner or later be found out. "Let everyone endeavour always to be really what he would wish to appear." The next virtue Professor Blackie lays stress on is obedience. There is a great deal of talk about liberty. Freedom is no doubt good. But it does not in any way help one to lead an honest and upright life. The first thing that one must learn to do is obedience to the rules of the society, which have been laid down by a body of persons for the general good. The greatest praise that can be given to anyone is "That a person, who always does what is required of him or her, and who always appears at the hour when he or she is expected."

The next important virtue it seems to me that we ought to cultivate is activity. No person who occupies his time usefully, by doing definite pieces of work at certain fixed times, can ever go wrong. A person should not confine his activity within a circumference of stern and strict rules, indeed such a person cannot be said to be active. Idle persons, having nothing to occupy their time, fall easily into the sins and temptations that beset them. Idleness leads to "rack and ruin" sooner or later. An active man, on the other hand, has no time to think of anything else but his duty.

The next important virtue which ought to be cultivated is courage. This virtue is generally thought to be the characteristic of men only. I think that ladies also should particularly cultivate this noble virtue. For it does not only mean doing brave deeds, but also doing things without fearing public opinion. It is indeed a very hard task to cultivate this virtue, as one is apt to suit himself or herself to circumstances. To be outspoken and upright in words and deeds is of the utmost importance. The fear of becoming unpopular or of being scorned are some reasons that prevent persons from being courageous. A coward, who suits himself to circumstances, is soon found out, but an honest and upright person receives the due reward of respect and admiration. It would be well for every one to have for their maxim the well-known lines

> "They are slaves who dare not be,
> In the right with two or three."

Smiles lays great stress on moderation. I think this virtue should be cultivated by everyone. Young people have very little conception of what moderation is. People are often apt to forget themselves and give themselves up to pleasures without limit. If they would but remember the well-known saying, "Too much of a thing is good for nothing," all would be well. There must be moderation in everything we do.

Perseverance, says Smiles, ought to be the maxim of everybody. It is, he says, one grace of character, which is an essential element of moral greatness, and a sure pledge of all kinds of success. Many are the persons who are discouraged by trifles. The world is full of difficulties, which men as well as ladies are expected to face boldly and conquer and not to consider as stumbling blocks to their worldly career. "In the world of action, will is power. Persistent will, with circumstances not altogether unfavourable, is victory; nay, in the face of circumstances altogether unfavourable, persistency will carve out a way to unexpected success."

There are yet many virtues, which are just as essential as the ones named above,—such as honesty, uprightness, politeness, humility, gentleness, etc. A person, who possesses these virtues is "rich indeed" and is superior to a wealthy person, who has not one of those above mentioned noble qualities.

To cultivate these noble virtues one should have a cultivated mind. But what is a cultivated mind? This is what Mill says:

By a cultivated mind, I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge have been opened, and which has been taught in any tolerable degree to exercise its faculties, and which finds sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of nature, the achievements of art, the imaginations of poetry, the incidents of history, the ways of mankind, past and present, and their prospects in the future. It is possible, indeed, to become indifferent to all this, and that too without having exhausted a thousandth part of it, but only when one has had from the beginning no moral or human interest in these things, and has sought in them only the gratification of curiosity.

Pondichery: the Place and the People.

PERHAPS the only place of any importance in Southern India, which has not yet been honoured with the attention of the peripatetic animal known as the globe-trotter, is Pondichery, the capital of French India. It is, for one thing, a new town; it cannot boast of a past that will at all bear comparison with that of Tanjore, Trichinopoly or Madura, which had all played their part in history, before either the French or the English set foot on Indian soil, and the tourist who rapidly develops antiquarian tendencies in his hurried flight over this country gives it the cold shoulder with an easy conscience. It is less than two centuries and a half since Francis Martin, the pioneer French Colonist in the East, acting on behalf of the *Compagnie des Indes*, established a factory on the Coromandel Coast, some ninety miles to the South of Madras. Under the protection of Sher Khan Lodi, "The slender defences and the houses within them," to quote from Col. Malleson's *History of the French in India*, "Sprang up rapidly; and by the wise dealings of Martin with the natives, a little village containing the native population who worked for the factory, soon grew up under its walls. The whole formed a sort of town which was at first called by the natives 'Philcheru,'* but was gradually altered to the designation which it bears at present, and by which it has always been known to Europeans, as 'Pondichery.'" With the optimism of the successful pioneer, Martin believed he was laying the foundation of a French Empire in India and strove to make the native village worthy of the place which he fondly hoped it was destined to occupy in the eyes of the world. Rather more than two generations later, Pondichery was extended and beautified by Dupleix, certainly the greatest and the most pathetic figure in the history of French India. How Dupleix, a comparatively unknown man, was deputed to guide the destinies of the French in this country, how whole-heartedly he threw himself into his task, how lavishly he spent out of his private fortune the savings of years of strenuous service, how his cherished ambition was thwarted by the cowardice and incompetence of the officers commanding the French forces, how having failed, for no fault of his own, to establish his country as a power in India, he was recalled home in disgrace, and how he died in obscurity, unwept, unhonoured and unsung by his contemporaries are matters of common knowledge. With Pondichery too are connected the other conspicuous names in French Indian history, Lally, Bussy, La Bourdonnais and Law, the last the most ignoble of them all. What might have been the premier city in India is to-day the chief town in a province of a hundred and eighty square miles, from which the Governor of French India controls the less than half-a-dozen possessions which France owns in this country.

Alighting from the train at Pondichery station, one of the termini of the South Indian Railway, and passing out of the modest building, you find yourself surrounded by a number of half-clad natives, yelling out 'poos,' 'poos' excitedly, which you vaguely think might be the battle-cry of these aboriginal-looking men. The porter carrying your luggage explains that they are pushmen contending for the honour of conveying you to your lodgings. Extricating yourself, though not without some struggle, you are safely landed in one of the curious vehicles which swarm the station-yard and which you had not probably noticed because of the storm that had been raging round you. You learn from your biped draught-animal that the push is the favourite though not the only, kind of conveyance in the town and that every well-to-do resident keeps his private push or two. Five minutes' personal experience impresses you favourably enough with the hackney push, though the springs in the seat have a knack of making themselves felt unpleasantly every now and then, and the rumble of the wheels is a fairly respectable echo, coming through the ages, of the thunder of the war-chariot so frequently described in the Hindu Puranas.

The writer of the twenty-line article on Pondichery in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* informs his readers that the town is divided into portions by a river. I found the "river" to be a straight, shallow ditch, less than ten yards in breadth, which has been dry for generations. To the east of this canal, that is to say, on the side nearest the sea, lies the European quarter, containing the beautiful *maidan*, the Bibliothique, the Government House, Dupleix's statue, etc., while to the west extends the native quarter, the business portion of the town. The first thing that will strike the visitor to Pondichery is the admirable symmetry which characterises it. Straight, metalled roads, with shady trees growing on either side, run from east to west and south to north, parcelling the town into a num-

* Col. Malleson is slightly at fault here. The vernacular name for Pondichery was, and continues to be, *Puduchcheri* which means "new town."

ber of blocks almost equal in area and packed with houses. In spite of the fact that the people of Pondichery do have a good many dirty habits, the fact remains that few towns in India, certainly none in our Presidency, can compare with Pondichery in perfection of neatness. The average distance between two parallel streets is barely sixty yards. Stone tablets with the names of the streets carved on them are built into the walls wherever two streets cross each other and commemorate the connection which the men who have made or marred the history of the French in India have had with the town at various times. Running along the street on either side is a brick pavement for pedestrians, and a smooth cement promenade, nearly a mile in length, adds to the charms of the marina.

The pride of Pondichery is its beautiful pier constructed during the Third Empire. It is rather more than two hundred and fifty yards in length and is an excellent specimen of the French engineers' taste and skill. Quite recently, the Home Government have lent Pondichery a considerable sum of money and among the various proposals for the utilisation of this loan is one which relates to the extension of the pier by seventy-five metres. The beautiful carved pillars in the immediate neighbourhood of Dupleix's statue and the pier-end were brought in triumph to Pondichery after the capture and sacking of the Hindu fortress of Jinji by one of Dupleix's generals. On one of them is the following inscription, giving particulars of the pier.

Ce Pont Débargadère
a été éxécuté
en 1864, 65 et 66.
Mr. Bontemps,
Gre. Gal. Gouverneur.
Mr. Lamairesse,
Ingénieur en chef.

It is on the pier that the fashionable folk of Pondichery, superlatively polite and superfluously buttoned, foregather of evenings, especially on Sundays and Thursdays which are the weekly Government holidays. On these days, the Governor's Band plays in front of the Statue, a noble piece of sculpture which is not set off to advantage by the incongruous pedestal on which it stands and which is another memento of the triumph of French arms at Jinji.

The public buildings are by no means imposing structures, but they are all neat and handsome and situated quite close to the sea. The *Hotel de Ville* contains the offices of the *Etat Civil*. It is in this building that the *Conseil General*, the supreme legislative and executive body in French India, sits for about eight weeks in the year, and where the principal dances are held. The *Trav aux publics et Bibliotheque*, besides being the largest library of French books in India, contains a very valuable collection of Tamil literature. There are three Courts of Justice in the town and the visitor must not fail to spend a few minutes in at least one of them, for preference the *Cor d'appelle*. The working hours are from 8 to 11 A.M. and from 2 to 5 P.M. as in all the Pondichery offices, a system which may be introduced into British India, with considerable advantage to everyone and with no detriment to the public service. Should you be fortunate to attend the *Cor d'appelle* when the judges are sitting, you will certainly find the proceedings interesting, amusing, and, to a certain extent, distressing. The judges,—there were four of them on the day I attended,—filed into the room, habited in the ordinary civil dress, excepting that their heads were surmounted by gaudily laced caps, shaped very much like pewter inkstands. Then followed one of the strangest spectacles I have ever witnessed. The *advocat* in charge of the plaintiff's case, after reading aloud from several sheets of printed papers in a loud monotone, launched forth into his argument with a fervency and ardour that was painful to witness. He flung his hands frantically about, clenched his fists, hinged forward and fell backwards, pointed at the judges frequently, twisted his moustaches, tugged at his short, triangular beard, slapped his thigh, smote his chest, smiled, frowned, all the while keeping up a continuous flow of exciting talk and in short, generally behaved as if he were a victim of conflicting emotions. Suddenly he turned to his learned brother on the other side, and addressed him exclusively, and I felt that the poor judges deserved this richly, after being talked at unmercifully for such a length of time. The plaintiff's witnesses, who had been kept in a room quite apart from the defendant's witnesses who were locked up in another, were then brought forward. Their depositions taken, the defendant's *advocat* was on his legs and then there followed more gesticulation and more animated argument. The scene was too much for me, accustomed as I was to the serenity and decorum of British Courts of Justice and, seeking the refuge of my push, I wondered if these excellent lawyers behaved quite as excitedly in their native France or were merely affected by the annoying Indian climate. Close to the Courts of Justice is the Cathedral which is perhaps the handsomest building in Pondichery, both the exterior and the interior considered. On the other side of the ditch is the *Cathedral des Missions Etrangers*, which is set apart for the native Christians and connected with which there is an interesting legend. I give it here for what it is worth, merely adding that it is a type of story that is current in various localities where conflicts have taken

place between the ministers of different religions.

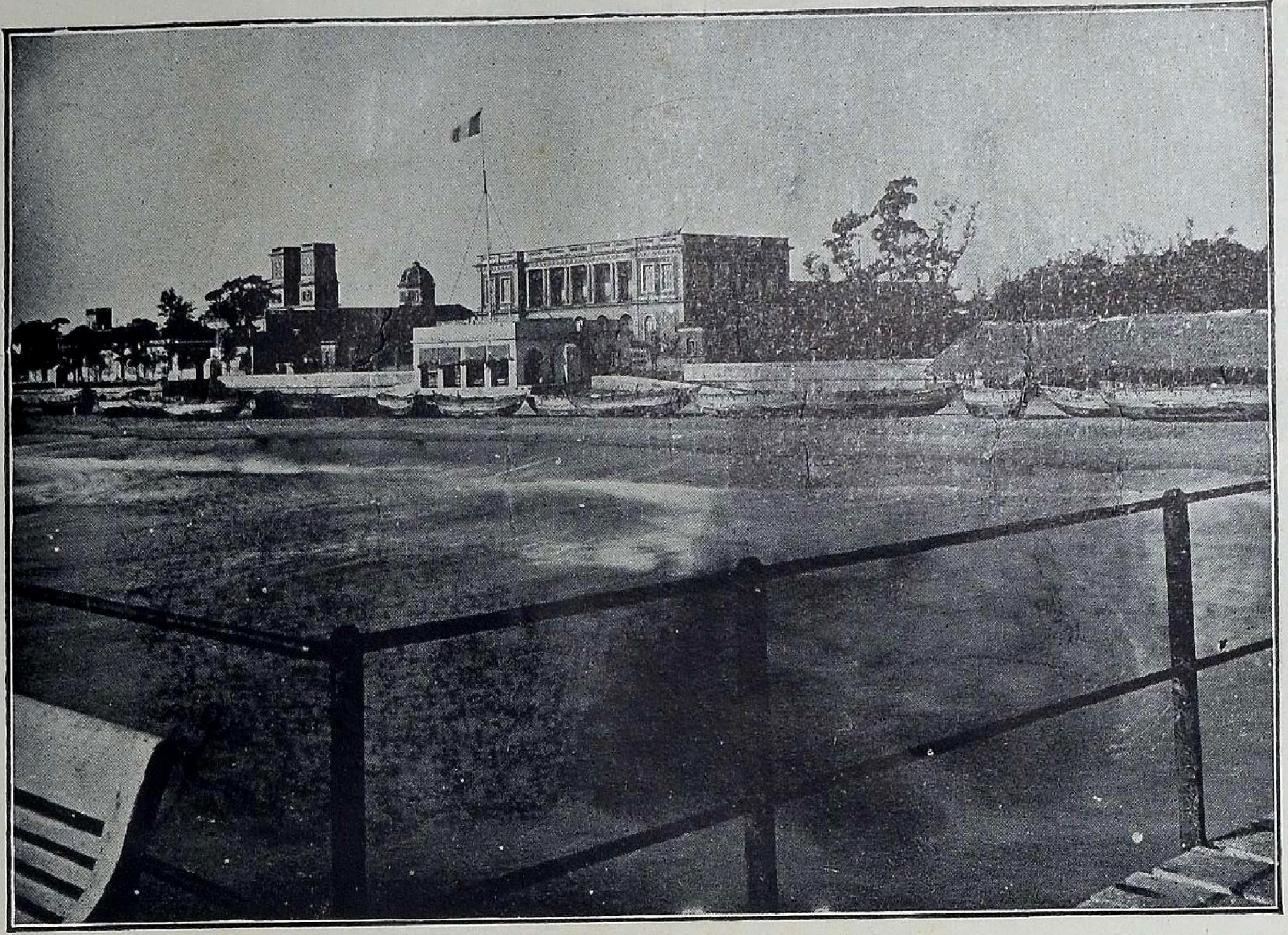
Not much more than a hundred years ago, there was a Hindu temple dedicated to Siva, so the story runs, on the site where the Cathedral now stands. The Catholic missionaries, wishing to build their church in a central locality, pitched upon this site and cast about for some expedient to drive the Hindu god out of his residence and demolish the pagoda. As the first step towards accomplishing this end, they bribed the temple priest heavily and extorted a promise from him that he would aid them in all manner of ways and stick to them through thick and thin. Some time after the winning over of the *archaka*, an astounding story spread through the town and startled the quiet of the Hindu community. It was to the effect that Christ had appeared in a vision to a Jesuit priest, revealed to him that several generations before that a Christian church had stood on the site of the Hindu temple and commanded him to recover it on behalf of the Roman Church. This rumour was presently confirmed by an official proclamation which asked the Hindus what they proposed doing under the circumstances. The leaders of the community replied that they would remove their god and leave the temple to the Christians, if the priest could in any way substantiate his claim. This was just what the Jesuits wanted. Under their directions, the innermost shrine, the *sanctum sanctorum*, was excavated, and a number of crosses and Catholic images, buried there by the perfidious priest, were dug up. True to their promise, the Hindus built themselves another temple and left the polluted one at the mercy of the Jesuits. They raised it to the ground and built the beautiful *Cathedral des Missions Etrangers*; but all their efforts to dislodge the Hindu idol from the ground proved fruitless, as the workmen employed in the task either died suddenly, or gave up their work in despair. As a last resort, the idol was walled in; but its wrath continued and the treacherous Brahmin lost all his ill-gotten wealth in a variety of ways and came to an unnatural end. And thus it comes to pass that the *Cathedral des Missions Etrangers* is popularly known by the appellation of *Sambakoil* and a green plantain grove flourishes on the square plot of ground in front of it, the site, it is alleged, of the temple tank, a hundred years ago and more.

Beautiful as Pondichery is by day, its charms are absolutely obscured at night. Even the European quarter is very ill-lighted; as for the native town, suffice it to say, that there is but one solitary lantern shedding its dim light over two or more furlongs of the road. Another serious charge which the visitor cannot help bringing against the town authorities is as regards their shameful neglect of their fine public buildings. My readers may not be inclined to believe me, but I assert it as an undeniable fact, that Dupleix's statue was so cruelly neglected that moss was actually growing on several portions of the fine figure, and the dried-up remnant of an ancient garland was dangling from its neck, when I saw it! The *Hotel de Ville* has for long years been left so severely to itself that the plaster had come off in large quantities everywhere and the authorities were just then beginning to think it was time to patch the walls up. The Law Courts, again, are situated in ill-kept compounds which may be converted into pleasant gardens at no considerable expense. One of the conveniences of Pondichery has been its excellent water-supply. Over a hundred and twenty artesian wells have contributed to the charm which Pondichery has for even the permanent resident; but now both the Government and private owners take such care of them, that quite half the number have ceased to work.

The European population of Pondichery does not consist of more than a hundred families, the official element being much smaller than the non-official, which consists of merchants and *advocats*. The French in Pondichery live very frugally and are able to save the better part of their incomes. The fact is the French official has free quarters provided for him, he does not have a large establishment of servants to keep, does not maintain a stable generally, as he gets on quite satisfactorily with his 'push' and his passage-expenses are defrayed out of the public revenue. The French Civil Service is divided into four branches,—Home, African, Cochin-China, and miscellaneous, which last includes India. Five years' service entitles the official to six months' privilege leave, and should he choose to spend this period at home, the Government bears the cost of his passage to and fro.

Quite a considerable portion of the native population of Pondichery consists of undesirables, who have evaded the civil laws of the British Indian Courts and found a temporary domicile in *la Republique Français*. Insolvent traders, fast men who have run their fortune and find the attentions of their creditors irksome, and criminals who are guilty of non-extraditable offences which are happily few in number, prize the *liberté* which is among the mottoes of the Republic and come in their shoals every day to augment the dense population of the town. Squatting down at *table d'hote* with me were a number of these broken down gentry who took their situation very coolly, and pleasantly discussed the prospects of a twelve years' stay in Pondichery, beyond which period they would

DUPLEIX'S STATUE, PONDICHERRY.



VIEW FROM THE PIER; PONDICHERRY.

be left alone, according to the law of limitation in force in British India. The indigenous native residents are a very busy people, and are mostly engaged in the groundnut trade, of which Pondichery is the most important centre in this part of the country. The existence of this trade largely accounts for the fact that the beggar nuisance is conspicuous by its absence in the town, as an easy and lucrative means of livelihood is provided for even the unskilled labourer in the neighbouring ground-nut fields. Not an inconsiderable portion of the population consists of native Christians, a large number of whom live,—O strange irony!—in the Grande Rue des Brahmes, while some of the *pucca* Brahmins have their houses in the Petite Rue des Brahmes!

The military defences of Pondichery are not worth speaking of. There is a force of a hundred and fifty native infantry with one European officer at its head. There is a laughable story, current locally, about the military officer stationed at the capital of French India once upon a time. A Hindu Rajah was about to pay a visit to Pondichery and the Governor directed M. le Capitaine to provide a guard-of-honour to escort His Highness from the railway station and to ride himself at the head of it. But there were two difficulties in the way: the gallant captain did not happen to own a horse, and secondly, he had never been astride one before. He represented matters to His Excellency's Private Secretary who, while deeply sympathising with him in his dilemma, intimated that he could not see a way out of it. The M. le Capitaine solved the first difficulty by borrowing a nag from a friend. The Rajah arrived in due course, and the representative of French military power in India was seen riding through the streets of Pondicherry, at the head of His Highness' escort, strapped gracefully and securely to the noble animal!

This is not the place to speak in detail of the French administration in India, but I may well touch the fringe of the subject in this concluding paragraph. There are three parties at Pondichery who are generally engaged in trilateral conflicts, the Europeans, the Renoçants, consisting of those natives who have renounced Hindu law and usage in favour of the French Civil Code, and the non-Renoçants who have not done so. Each of these communities has its own leaders, its own representatives in the *Conseil General*, who wield considerable influence not only locally but in France as well. There are men in Pondichery who can even effect the recall of a Governor who does not favour their views and this explains the curious facts that the colony boasts at present of two Governors, one nominal and the other actual, and that, within the last two years, it has had twice as many Governors. The *Conseil General* itself is frequently the scene of excited proceedings. It is barely six months now since there was a free exchange of compliments between two representatives and a duel was arranged, which happily fell through. To the British Indian subject, a more interesting subject than that of local politics is the measure of appreciation which the French Government evokes from the native population. The taxes are so light, that they are hardly felt at all,—there is no income-tax, for one thing, and the landholder can raise any number of crops on his lands every year, without having to pay enhanced assessment for every additional crop. But there is one heavy grievance which countervails this great blessing—there is little justice in the land. I had an interesting talk with a gentleman who has been a resident of Pondichery for over ten years and who is quite able to form a comparative estimate of the blessings of British and French justice, as he was a British Indian subject before settling at Pondichery. I shall give the substance of what he told me, without any commentaries of my own, taking care to add that my informant had no reason to misrepresent matters to the discredit of the Government whose servant he has been for several years. "If justice is done in any important cause in dispute," he assured me, "it is only by accident. Powerful influence is brought to bear upon the judges. This is what happens. If I think I have got a shaky case, all I have to do is to promise a particular number of votes at the next elections to the local man in power who tells the judge that, should a favourable decision be pronounced, he (my champion) would certainly use his influence with the representative for India in the *Chamber des Deputies* and see that the judge's claims to promotion and preferment are not forgotten when the opportunity offered. So, you see, by this arrangement everyone is satisfied except the unfortunate defendant—I win my case, the local magnate gets his votes, and the judge will no doubt obtain the longed-for promotion. It is not many years since two leaders of the Hindu community in different parts of British India, who are well-known congresswallas," I suppress the names, "visited Pondichery with a view to ascertain if the native subjects were a more happy people than the British Indian subjects. They were perfectly willing, nay, even anxious to believe that French India was something of a paradise; but they did not take many days to find out that they were thoroughly mistaken and wisely refrained from instituting a comparison in the public prints and from the platform between French and British India, a comparison which would have redounded to the credit of the latter." With these comforting words ringing

in my years, I took leave of my acquaintance and bade adieu to the pleasant capital of French India.

T. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Female Education in Bengal.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Earle, the newly-appointed Director of Public Instruction of Bengal, has signalised his assumption of that high office by taking practical steps to advance female education in his province. He has put forth fresh energies in two directions: (1) to increase the number of schools for girls, and (2) to encourage home education for such as could not attend schools. Experience has proved that progress is not possible in either of these directions until a large number of lady teachers are made available. The Bengal Government has become fully alive to this important fact and is quite willing to do what it can to remove the want so keenly felt. At the instance of Mr. Earle, the subject was fully discussed at a Conference held early in March last in Belvedere, and a Committee was appointed to work out a scheme for the training of lady teachers. The Committee has so far done substantial work. The first question it tackled was that of "the sinews of war." Some large subscriptions have been secured and an appeal for more funds has been issued. It has been decided that a Woman's Training College should be attached to the Bethune College, Calcutta. Miss Sorabji's proposal of sending qualified ladies to England for training has been adopted and two such ladies would be sent out almost immediately after their selection by the Inspectress of Schools in consultation with the Director of Public Instruction. The Committee would grant an allowance of £150 a year each to the two ladies selected and also give them a return passage. The approximate cost of the scheme in respect of the two ladies would be Rs. 10,000. Provision has also been made to engage for the Calcutta Training College two Bengali Mistresses—one on Rs. 150 a month and the other on Rs. 100. These posts will be filled up temporarily by appointments made locally, until Indian ladies trained in England are forthcoming. It has been estimated that the recurring expenditure for the Calcutta Training School will amount to Rs. 28,113 and the initial expenditure to Rs. 20,500. A Training School will also be started at Bankipur, with the object of turning out Hindi teachers. Of the teachers, the Principal will be a European lady. The Mistress of Method and Headmistress of the Practising Section will be an Indian lady. Two more Indian ladies will be required, one to teach Hindi, who must be an orthodox Hindu, and the other to give lessons in Urdu and of necessity a Mohammedan. For the Bankipur scheme, the rough estimate puts the annual cost at Rs. 20,000. The endowment of Syed Badshah Nawab will yield an income of Rs. 7,500, The Government is prepared to pay Rs. 10,000. The people will have to make good the balance of Rs. 2,500. To collect this amount an influential representative Committee has been appointed. They have secured promises of support from many wealthy gentlemen, among whom must be mentioned the Maharajah of Cossimbazaar who has come forward with an annual subscription of Rs. 1,000. An extension of the zenana system of teaching for women and a system of awarding stipends and scholarships to encourage female education is also in contemplation by the Bengal Education Department. Meanwhile, the Committee appointed at the Belvedere Conference continues to sit and work out the details connected with the schemes of the Training Colleges. We are thankful that the need for a great move for the furtherance of female education has not been overlooked in the midst of political agitation in Bengal. It is encouraging to see that notwithstanding their differences in the arena of politics, both the people and the State are moving hand-in-hand so far as the advancement of female education is concerned; and, supported as it is, by their united resources and strength, there can be no doubt of the ultimate success of the schemes which have been put forward.

Editorial Note.

Mohamedan Female Education in Madras.

It is pleasing to note that female education is advancing among the Mohamedans of the Madras Presidency. The review of the progress of Mohamedan education in Southern India, contained in the last report of the local Mohamedan Educational Association, speaks of the continued prosperity attending female education in the community. The latest

Report of the Director of Public Instruction, Madras, records an increase of 25 school in the number of the Mohamedan Girls' Schools which come within the purview of his department. In Madras city itself, facilities for the education of Mohamedan girls and women have of late considerably increased. The schools of the Zenana Mission, which are remarkably popular with Mohamedan girls, notwithstanding the religious bias said to exist against them, are no doubt doing valuable work in the community. The Government Hobart School at Royapet has, since its recent reorganisation, deservedly become more acceptable with Mohamedans than in former times. Three indigenous girls' schools run after the model of public schools have recently come into existence through the enlightened philanthropy of certain public-spirited merchants in our city. Two of these are located at Muthialpet, the Mohamedan centre of Georgetown. One of them, which is about 150 strong, is maintained by Haji Moulvi Zia-ud-Din Muhammad Sahib, a learned religious leader of modern views. The other, about 100 strong, owes its existence to the earnestness and patriotic endeavours of Haji Muhammad Abdul Malick Badsha Sahib. Khan Bahadur Haji Muhammad Abdul Hadi Badsha Sahib, formerly our Sheriff, is managing the third school which is located within the compound of the Walajah Mosque in the very heart of Triplicane. Provision has been made in all these institutions for the strict observance of the *purdah*, and pupils are conveyed to the schools and back to their homes in closed carriages, engaged by the school authorities at their own expense. No fees are charged in any of these Institutions for the education that is given. It is also noteworthy that religious instruction, though necessarily of a meagre kind, is imparted in all these schools side by side with instruction in secular subjects. At the present stage of Mohamedan progress, it is essential that female education should be advanced as far as possible along the lines of least resistance, and it is encouraging to see that leading Mohamedans are coming forward to bear cheerfully the additional trouble and the increased expense that this would necessarily entail. We are also gratified to learn that, under the auspices of the local National Indian Association, arrangements have been made to give home education to Mohamedan women, on the lines advocated in these columns some time ago. We understand that, through this agency, as many as fifteen Mohamedan ladies and more are learning English, Arithmetic, Domestic Economy, Drawing and such other useful subjects. These are steps in the right direction, and we have no doubt that they command the sympathy and support of all well-wishers of the Mussalman community.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

A correspondent writes to the *Madras Mail*:—

"A short time ago there was an account in your columns of a ladies' party given by Mrs. Rhenius, Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Northern Circle. Soon afterwards Mrs. Rhenius went touring through the Northern Districts, and it is very gratifying to note that with the aid of some of the leading English and Indian ladies of Berhampur, she opened a Ladies' Association there on the 22nd ultimo. We hear Mrs. Ayling, wife of the District Judge, has very kindly asked some of the local Hindu ladies to visit her. There is no doubt that such an Association will tend to bring Indian and English ladies into sympathetic relations with each other. We trust that other European ladies will also be stirred up to take an interest in their Indian sisters, and that in the near future it will not be a rare thing to find such Associations in every Mofussil town in our Presidency."

—Rajah Sri Rajah Rangayya Apparau Bahadur, Zamindar of Nuzvid, who recently offered to contribute Rs. 1,000 to students proceeding to Japan to learn some industry, and who is well-known for his numerous charities, has offered the Chintadripett Girls' School a donation of Rs. 120 a year, and has kindly paid one year's contribution in advance.

—The Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa Hindu National Girls' School.—A correspondent writes:— "In April, 1905, this Institution was established with the object of imparting secular and moral instruction on a non-sectarian basis, to the Hindu girls of Georgetown. It has since grown considerably in its usefulness, now numbering 260 girls. It is located at present, for want of a building of its own, in No. 40, Ayalur Mutya Mudaliar Street. Complete primary education is given in Tamil and Telugu, music and ordinary needlework being compulsory subjects. Kindergarten teaching is also attended to. The school fees charged are simply nominal. With a view to ensure the continued existence of this institution, and to secure a permanent building for its use, the authorities of the institution have now made a special appeal to all philanthropic and sympathetic gentlemen for funds. The authorities are, besides, making a tour every Sunday morning of some of the principal streets with their Bhajana performance, to collect doles of rice and money from each house. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. V. Kailasapathy Mudaliar, B.A., will receive and acknowledge donations."

—We hear that the Pandita course of Mysore is one of six years after passing the Lower Secondary Examination in Kanarese. During the first 3 years of this course the students are required, we hear, to study more of Sanskrit literature and a little of Kanarese literature, and during the second 3 years' course to study more of Kanarese literature than of Sanskrit literature. The course is no doubt orthodox. If the ladies should be of any use either to themselves or to others, they must be given some kind of elementary training in Western science.

—The tenth annual report of the Poona Hindu Widows' Home Association is a record of progress in every direction. The number of inmates rose from 38 to 60, and of these 47 were widows. The building operations commenced in the year 1904 were

completed, and there is now accommodation for 100 inmates. There are two ladies in the teaching staff and two others are touring through the country, making collections on behalf of the Home. A class for practical instruction in cookery has been opened. Sewing is taught by a professional tailor. Weekly lectures on home-nursing were delivered by Dr. Ghokhale, of Bombay, and 13 girls were awarded certificates on behalf of St. John's Ambulance Association. The financial position of the Home is in an improved condition, but there is still need for money. For, if the inmates exceed 100 in number, the accommodation will prove insufficient, and the charges of the Home will go up to Rs. 10,000 a year. Many distinguished visitors honored the Home with visits during the year, and among them was H. E. Lord Lamington, who performed the opening ceremony for the new buildings.

—To perpetuate the memory of the late lamented Srimati Bhandaru Atchamambagaru, the talented authoress of "Lives of Noble Women," the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association intend opening in her name, in Madras, a Free Lending and Circulating Library of Vernacular Books, Newspapers, and Magazines for the use of women.

—Female education has received a strong stimulus in the Patiala State. Patiala city alone has half a dozen girls' schools, attended by 300 students, while a Widows' Home, with a school attached, is in contemplation.

—The United Provinces Social Reform Association has been formed for giving an impetus to the cause of social reform. The Association has undertaken a two-fold work: first, the education of public opinion by public lectures, by publishing pamphlets and leaflets in English, Urdu, and Hindi, and starting a weekly journal, if possible, to advocate the principles of social reform; second, actual promotion of reform by uniting together such of the reformers who are now working in their various centres of activity to work for a common cause. The principles of reform, laid down by the Association, are:—(1) The prevention of the marriage of girls before the age of 12; (2) Promotion of female education by indicating the lines of publication of suitable text-books, training of female teachers, establishment of girls' schools on non-sectarian lines in all centres; (3) Improvement of the condition of girl-widows, in order to make them qualify as teachers, or otherwise make them useful members of society; (4) Removal of all social disabilities attending sea-voyages; (5) Promotion of social purity and temperance. Rai Bahadur Lala Baijnath, B.A., Judge of the Small Causes Court, Allahabad, has been elected President, and Babu Ramananda Chatterjee, M.A., Principal, Kayastha Pathshala, Allahabad, Secretary. The Association appeals to all friends of social reform to help the movement by joining the Association, contributing to its funds, working for the cause or helping it in any other useful and practical way.

—Sri Minakshi Vidyasala, the girls' school conducted under the auspices of the Theosophical Society, Madura, has been doing good and useful work, and it is satisfactory to note that through the exertions of its energetic Secretary, Mr. A. Rungasawmy Iyer, it has been provided with a beautiful and attractive building. The following is from the interesting report read by the Secretary on the occasion of the opening ceremony lately performed:—"The movement that has thus been inaugurated will, we hope, in the fulness of time assist in the development of all that is best in Hindu womanhood, which has been immortalised in the heroines of antiquity, simple yet dignified in prosperity, strong and steadfast in adversity, gentle, devoted and religious, always making the home the nursery-ground of generations to come who will make their country more glorious than in the past."

—Bai Krishnabai Kelkar has offered a sum of Rs. 5,000 for founding a scholarship at the Grant Medical College, Bombay, to commemorate the name of her brother, the late Dr. Gopal Shivram Vaidya, L.M. and S. The Scholarship, will be known as "the Gopal Shivram Scholarship" and will be awarded to the Hindu student who distinguishes himself in surgery at the end of the fourth year course.

—A donation of Rs. 10,000 has been received by the Central Committee of the Countess of Dufferin's fund from Brigade Surgeon J. Law, I.M.S., retired. The interest on this sum, in accordance with the donor's desire, will be annually expended in the Central Provinces, where he spent the greater portion of his service.

—The Lahore *Tribune* says H. H. the Lieut.-Governor has made the Arya Samaj Orphanage and Girls' School at Ferozepur a building grant of Rs. 15,000, a second grant of Rs. 5,000 for furniture and equipment, and a third grant of Rs. 500 per mensem for maintenance. Both the Orphanage and the Girls' School are doing excellent work, and the former takes orphans from all parts of India.

A Donation.—H. H. the Rajah of Cochin has given a donation of Rs. 600 to the Hindu Girls' School at Chintadripet.

—To the funds of the proposed colleges for training mistresses at Calcutta and Bankipore, the outcome of the recent Conference at Belvedere, we understand the Badsha Nawab has promised to contribute Rs. 7,500 a year, Hon. Babu B. N. Basu Rs. 250 a year for 4 years, and the Maharaja of Burdwan Rs. 1,000 a year for 4 years.

—The Kanya Vidyalaya of Jullunder City has during the last nine years been doing excellent work in the Punjab. The school contains 10 classes, besides one for grown-up ladies, and has 13 teachers, 4 of whom are honorary. There are 134 students on the roll, of whom 6 are widows. The Boarding House has 74 inmates.

—Quite an enjoyable 'At Home' was given by Mrs. N. R. Ramasamier, wife of the Proprietor of the Hindu High School, Nurani, on Saturday last, the occasion being the third meeting of the Ladies' Association. The programme included two lectures, one on the Royal Tour read by Miss Glyn Barlow, and the other by Mrs. J. Lazarus on "First Aids in case of Accident," which was followed by a practical demonstration. The gramophone was in great evidence; besides, there was an excellent programme of vocal music and fine recitations. Refreshments and tea were served and with the distribution of *pan supari*, flowers, and sprinkling of rosewater, the gathering dispersed late at 7 P.M.

News and Notes.

For the first time a woman suffrage petition has been presented to the Bavarian Parliament.

—Miss Jane Adams has been appointed special lectures for the Wisconsin University summer session; she will give a series of talks on "The Newer Ideals of Peace."

—Mrs. C. F. Latham of Florida is a collector of wild birds and animals for zoological gardens. Though she is 65 years she lives mostly out of doors and on the water.

—Mrs. Hay, widow of John Hay, has received a memorial address signed by 2,363 Jews in America and Great Britain expressing appreciation of the late Secretary's services on behalf of the Hebrew race,

—Miss Adelaide Lauder of New York manages the famous Orchestra which was formerly under her father's leadership and which went by his name. On his death his daughter stepped quietly into his place and the Orchestra went on as before.

—The Queen of Greece is the only woman who received the appointment of admiral from the late Czar of Russia. It is not merely an honorary title, for she has a practical knowledge of navigation, is devoted to the sea and is never happier than when cruising about on her yacht with her husband King George.

—Mr. W. T. Stead writes in the *Independent Review* an interesting article on the "Russian Revolution." He believes that the Russian Resolution will dominate the twentieth century just as the French Revolution dominated the nineteenth and will make itself felt over the whole world, and have an effect on the "Women's Movement."

—An experiment by Miss B. Brown, of Vizianagaram, in domesticating the tasar silkworm, has proved a success. This worm in a wild state produces the best of the silks of India, and now that it has been domesticated, the cost of manufacturing the silk ought to be light. The domestication of this worm is the greatest advancement that has been achieved for many years in the silk industry, and should be fruitful in results.

—The mothers' and fathers' club of Boston has undertaken a new work which may pave the way for the employment of trained nurses in the public schools as it is done in New York. The club has engaged Miss H. A. Willis to supplement medical inspection in four schools. She personally administers to the physical needs of the children of these schools as directed by the physicians and follows them to their homes where she gives aid and instruction to the parents as may be needed.

—The idea of trade unionism is spreading among women engaged in housework. "The Servant Girls' Union was organized recently in Toledo, O. This union will endeavour to decide rates of wages, what hours shall be commanded by Mistresses and to see that child-labour law is enforced. Two hundred of the two thousand waitresses in Boston have just started a union which they hope to make one of the leading unions. Miss Carlotta Bailey, who has been employed as waitress for over twelve years, is president.

—Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford of Colorado, Miss Kate M. Gordon of Louisiana, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Michigan and several other women have been appointed by the Governors of their respective states to serve with eminent men on the National Committee on Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws. This is probably the first time in history that women have been appointed on a Committee to consider a question so vitally important to them as well as to men. The Governors who had made the appointments deserve gratitude and congratulation.

—Mrs. L. A. Coonley Ward suggested the idea for a tiny periodical that has just made its appearance in Chicago entitled *What's in the Magazines.* It is a monthly and gives first an index of the contents of the current issue of each of the principal magazines and then an alphabetical index of all, classified under subjects. This bird's eye view will be invaluable in saving time to busy men and women. The neat little guide is published by the Dial Company, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, and the price is 25 cents a year.

—A bill in the New Brunswick legislature for the admission of women to the practice of law in that province had been advanced with such speed and supports that its passage is believed to be assured. It was the outcome of the case of Miss Mabel P. French of St. John whom the supreme court decided could not be admitted as a barrister, she not being a person within the meaning of the act. During the agitation which followed the rendering of this decision, the fact was brought to light that in 1852 Governor Head and council decided a teacher was not a woman but the insistence of Miss Martha Lewis, then a young girl of seventeen, convinced the public that teachers were women, and it was so ordered.

— Commissioner Butler, of the New York Tenement-house Department, has just appointed Kate Holladay Claghorn as registrar of the department. Miss

Claghorn is a graduate of Bryn Mawe and holds the degree of doctor of philosophy from Yale. She is an experienced statistician. She prepared valuable data for the report of the Industrial Commission of 1901 on Immigration and Education for the Federal Census and for the Tenement-house Problem. She has held the position of assistant registrar for some months. The appointment was under the civil service regulations, Miss Claghorn being first on the eligible list. She will have entire direction of the work of the department's bureau of records. Charities says of this appointment. It is the case of the right woman for the right place.

The Russian Revolution, which everywhere proclaims the equal rights of men and women to all political privileges, has done much more that assert the right of women to citizenship. For, by the blow which it has administered to the dominence of Force, it has opened the door for the emancipation of women. The *Magnificat* may once more be uplifted from the grateful heart of the womanhood of the world, when it is seen that the sceptre so long wielded by Force is to pass to the hands of Suffering. Woman is not strong as man in fighting force. She is immeasurably his superior in the capacity to suffer. The boycott and the strike, the new weapons of the weak, can be wielded as effectively by women as by men. To secure the enfranchisement of their sex, it will not be necessary to go on the barricades, or to shoot down the garrison of the fortress of male monopoly. "No vote, no dinner! No citizenship, no service."

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